



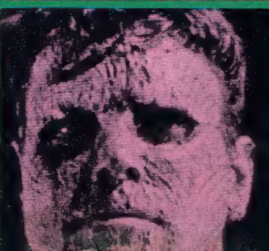
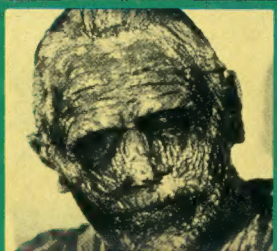
# CASTLE of FRANKENSTEIN

Preview: THE  
MEPHISTO  
WALTZ

THE 4th  
VERSION  
OF BRAM  
STOKER'S  
" DRACULA "

HISTORY OF  
FANTASY &  
HORROR  
FILMS

RAY  
HARRYHAUSEN'S  
FILMS









# CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN

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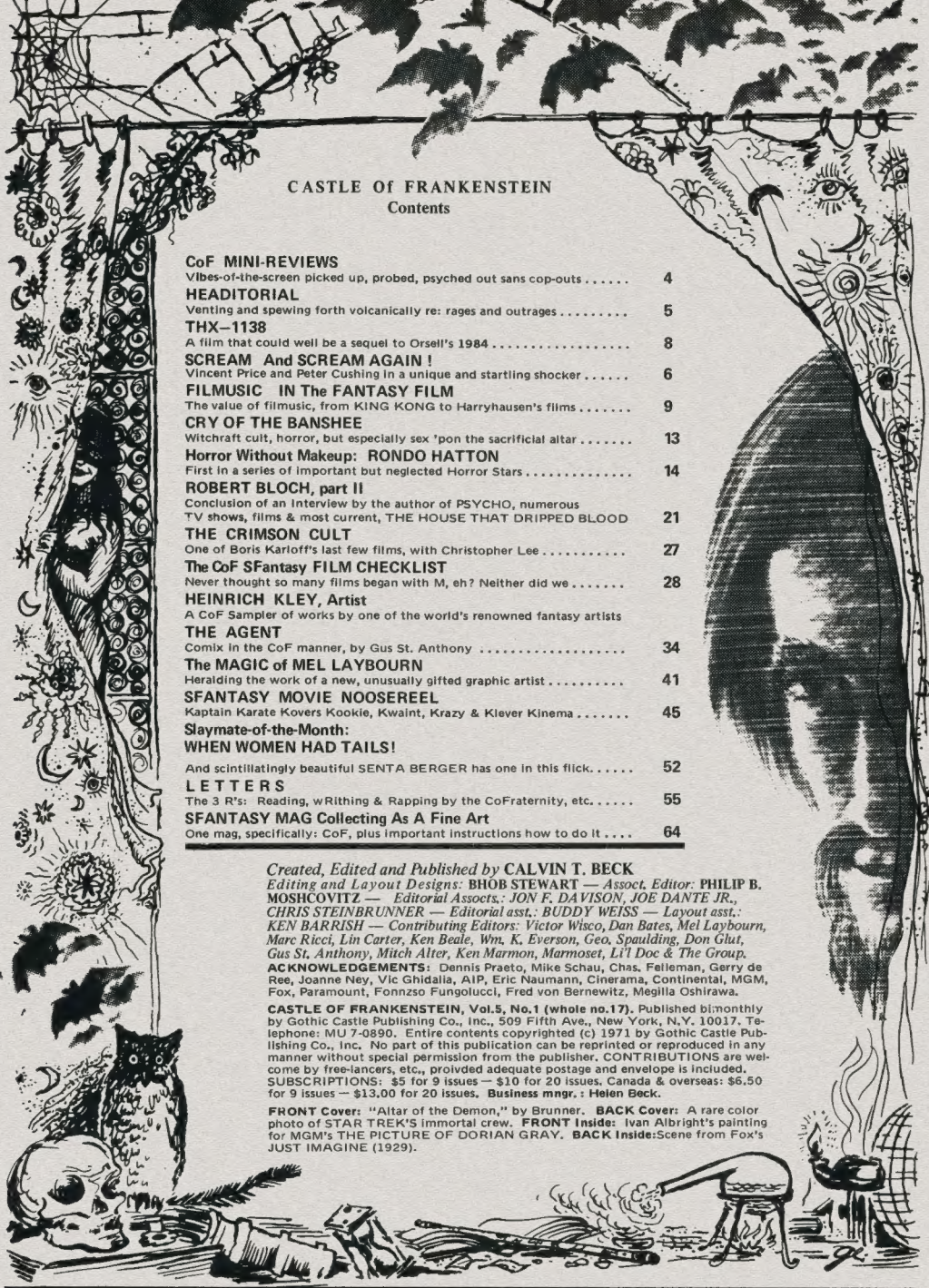
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FRONT Cover: "Altar of the Demon," by Brunner. BACK Cover: A rare color photo of STAR TREK's immortal crew. FRONT Inside: Ivan Albright's painting for MGM's THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY. BACK Inside: Scene from Fox's JUST IMAGINE (1929).





# FRANKENSTEIN

## MONI-REVIEWS

**ALEX IN WONDERLAND (111 min—MGM, 1971).** Long, ridiculously self-indulgent naval pickings about hotshot director's creative problems and fantasies. Tells more than we ever wanted to know about writer-director Paul Mazursky. Fellini at least waited until he had 7½ pictures behind him before he tried this stunt—almost all Mazursky has to do, cop-out BOB & CAROL, witness HEAD and the unspeakable MONKEES tv series. Talky, embarrassingly pretentious, redeemed only by some warmly human playing by Donald Sutherland and others. Fellini and Jeanne Moreau have bits. Good Lázio Kovacs photography. **MetroColor.**

**BEGUILLED, THE (109 min—Univ., 1971).** Don Siegel's newest is probably his best since *BODY SNATCHERS*—a macabre Bierle-like Civil War story about a wounded Union soldier (Clint Eastwood) sheltered in decadent girls school in deep South. Artistic, sensitive and creepy treatment gives Siegel a new lease on life as much more than an action director after some recent disappointments (i.e. *MAD-IGAN*). Fine camerawork, atmosphere, good performances. Geraldine Page, Elizabeth Hartman. **Technicolor.**

**DR. FRANKENSTEIN ON CAMPUS (83 min—Medford, 1970).** Nifty idea is flattened in execution. Aloof college student Frankenstein grumbles about his monstrous nature while secretly plotting to turn fellow students into remote-control zombies (as if some aspects of college education haven't done it already). Routinely made Canadian item does not get going until last 15 minutes; by then it's too late. Next ending, however, Robin Ward, Austin Willis. Dir. Gilbert Taylor. **Movielab Color.**

**FROM EAR TO EAR (81 min—Cinemation, 1971).** Crazy ladies torture mute girl with aphrodisiac drinks, sex games and a mummified baby, which is at least a new twist. Flaccid French horror-severed *LES COUSINS* has been re-cut, re-scored, re-written (with original ending removed) by film doctor—some would say abortionist—Jerry Gross. Result: a bad film made worse. Solange Pradel, Alain Doutey, Nicole DeBonnie, Danie Argence. Dir. Louis Soulanes. **DeLuxe Color.**

**GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES FOR ADULTS (76 min—Cinemation, 1970).** Wow! grim is hardly the word for this stomach churning mixture of cheap sex and horrendous sadism. Basically promising idea of erotic fairy tales gets left emphasis on gore as the Queen "eats" up a certain section of Snow White's anatomy; stepsisters cut off toes to fit into Cinderella's slipper, etc. Heavily cut and remade for US market, but still sick stick to weird Jerry Gross devotes only. Marie Liljedahl, Ingrid von Bergen, Walter Giller. Dir. Rolf Thiele. **Color.**

**HORROR OF FRANKENSTEIN, THE (95 min—Cont., 1970).** Having remade all the Universal shockers worth doing, Hammer is now remaking its own remakes! Thinly disguised redoing of *CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN* tries to be a spoof but is plodding and mostly a bore. Ralph Bates is uninspiring replacement for Peter Cushing. David Prowse is a total loss as marking-pen-scarred, plastic headed monster. Dennis Price shines as friendly film snatcher, but humor is typified by disemboweled arm which gives Bates the finger. Jimmy Sangster directs torpidly; sets and visuals on Crown-International level. **Technicolor.**

**HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD, THE (97 min—Cinéma, 1971).** It looks like *Amicus* will assume the mantle once again by Hammer. Four Robert Bloch stories vary in quality but at least show taste and imagination. 1: Mystery writer Denholm Elliott sees recurring apparition born from one of his plots. 2: Peter Cushing is entranced in wax museum plot—excellent playing, moody, but drawn-out and predictable. 3: Chris Lee frightened by angelic but strange 8-year-old daughter-with; well done. 4: Horror actor Jon Pertwee becomes a vampire whenever he dons vampire's cape; bright, neat spoof is highly amusing. 5: A good notch above *TORTURE GARDEN* and one of the more entertaining films of the year. And oh, that Ingrid Pitt—Vavoom! Dir. Peter Duffell. **Eastman Color.**

**I DRINK YOUR BLOOD (80 min—Cinemation, 1971).** Wildly lurid stuff about homelid hippie devil cultists running amuck with rabies; almost all NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD intensity but with a touch defused by brutal cutting of almost all violence and gore. Continuity like Swiss cheese, splices every two minutes and completely incoherent climax make it all seem merely unpleasant. David Durston's forceful direction and this could have been a ferociously suspenseful item in original form. *The MPAA* strikes again! Bhaskar, Rhonda Fultz, Ripley Mills, Iris Brooks. **DeLuxe Color.**

**I EAT YOUR SKIN (81 min—Cinemation, 1971).** Where is Sam Katzman now that we really need help? Execrable zombie cheapie from Del Tenney, who gave you *CURSE OF THE LIVING CORPSE*. Mad doctor on Voodoo Island, yet, makes zombie fluid from radioactive snake venom that induces a state of living death not unlike that experienced by the audience. Crusty-looking native monsters walk around amid endless tribal dancing and *DISEMBODIED*-level dialogue. Even Mantan Moreland couldn't have saved this. With Joycy Leather Hewitt, Walter Coy, Betty Hyatt Linton, Dan Stapleton.

**INCREDBLE TWO-HEADED TRANS-PLANT, THE (85 min—Arista, 1971).** Whenever you own head is at, you're better off than the hapless monster in this one, whose right head doesn't know what his left head is doing. The great Bruce Dern is scientist who grafts crazy psycho's head on body already occluded by dumb, hulking handyman. Two-headed illusion amazingly well maintained; puts *MANSTER* to shame. Though not much really happens, it's amusing as hell. Head-to-head dialogue is priceless; pic is equipped with 40's-style title tune, "It's Incredible." And it is. Pat Priest, Alberto Cole, Casey Kasem, Berry Kroeger.

**MEPHISTO WALTZ, THE (115 min—Fox, 1971).** Plucky Jacqueline Bisset vs. corrupt devil-worshipping sophisticates Curt Jurgens and Barbara Parkins for soul of pianist husband Alan Alda. Straightforward, mundane modern occult tale from Fred Mustard Stewart novel is rapid and predictable all the way. Director Paul Wendkos shows some half-hearted Cornelia flair in the vase-line-dress sequences, but it's mostly TV-level slickness despite a nice production dress, and definitely no *ROSEMARY'S BABY* by a long shot, though cast is in fine form. William Windom, Bradford Dillman, Kathleen Widdoes. **DeLuxe Color.**

**NIGHT OF THE WITCHES (78 min—Medford, 1970).** Vet actor Keith Larsen, disguised with a heavy beard and new voice-over, Keith Erik Burt, directed and stars in this occasionally tolerable but predominantly dull spoof as a *NIGHT OF THE HUNTER* type rapist-preacher who gets mixed up with a coven of witches. Pretty good rock score helps somewhat. Would have been more fun if they didn't cut out the nudity for a GP rating. Producer Vincent Forte may be Vincent Edwards, since that's his real name. Randy Stafford, Ron Tait, Kathryn Loder. **DeLuxe Color.**

**SCARS OF DRACULA (96 min—Cont., 1970).** The most shocking aspect of this, the poorest Hammer *Dracula* ever, is the incredible poor production values. Paper-covered cardboard sets, cheesy blackcloths and washed out color lend a deathly cast to an already pallid script consisting of warmed-

over HORROR OF *DRACULA* situations. Chris Lee is sadly ineffective and despite lots of mutilated covered blood and the occasional giant bats (on strings), it is, in a word, awful. Jenny Hanley, Dennis Waterman, Christopher Matthews, Michael Gwynn. Dir. Roy Ward Baker. **Technicolor.**

**SUDDEN TERROR (91 min—Nat'l General, 1970).** The old boy-cried-murder plot of *THE WINDOW* gets gorily picturesque treatment in pretty good British thriller, originally titled *EYEWITNESS*. Inhumanly monstrous cop Peter Vaughan chains moppet Maria Loster, who saw him assassinate a political figure, all over Malta, leaving a trail of blood-flecked corpses. John Hough's direction full of arty barnacles, but neat suspense and respectable auto chase sequences hold up well. Lionel Jeffries, Susan George, Jeremy Kemp. **Technicolor.**

**VAMPIRE LOVERS, THE (88 min—AIP, 1970).** Atmospheric, often static, but neat and macabre Hammer production. Beautiful, sensuous Ingrid Pitt as a lesbian vampire. Perhaps overly familiar LeFanu novel, "Carmilla," though faithfully adapted, takes away any sense of surprise and expectation, since this is at least 4th or probably 5th version, and some of it. Roy Ward Baker's pedestrian methodology hardly vies with *Vladim's BLOOD & ROSES* version ten years ago. Also, Movie!a's inferior color processing once more mars another film. Peter Cushing, George Cole, Douglas Wilmer, Pippa Steele, Madeline Smith. **Movielab Color.**

**NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD (90 min—Reade, 1969).** Shoe-string budgeter must have been made for less than \$17,000 but has multi-million bucks impact and popularity. Perennially re-released, it's made over two million \$ so far with a loyal international cult ever growing a *CARNIVAL OF SOULS*. Corpses come to life to roam countryside, killing and devouring people, many who become growing army of the undead. The film is entrapped in isolated home fight them off, some becoming "infected" into monsters. Grisly, taut, black shocker overwhelms in gradual stages, with unexpectedly profound "message" ending. Excellent photography, direction and acting. One of the best of the kind! Judith O'Dea, Russell Streane, Duane Jones, Karl Hardman, Dir. George A. Romero.

**CREATURES OF THE WORLD FORGOT (95 min—Hammer, 1971).** Hammer's playing the same tune too often these days, and One Million Years BC remakes' division, prehistoric kicks at all, is running equally as dry as Hammer's *Dracula*, *Frankenstein* and *Devil Cult* factory. Ah, but for their zest for originality of former years. Music by Mario Nascimbene. Prod. & writ. Michael Carrares; dir. Don Chaffey. Julie Ege, Brian O'Shaughnessy. **Color.**

**COUNT DRACULA (100 min—Phoenix, 1970).** Ital-German-Spanish co-production directed by Jesus Franco stars Chris Lee as the Count. Some further word on the edge of reports says that film does live up to all expectations as "faithful" Stoker adaptation not merely because of film's length being too short but flaws in general. More will be said once a print is available for CoF screening. Herbert Lom, Klaus Kinsky. **Color.**

**THX 1138 (88 min—WB, 1971).** Nightmare vision of extension of postwar regimentation into a future of totalitarian computerized life beautifully succeeds. Like *ALPHAVILLE*, real locations are used suggesting the present is the future. Computer print-outs, flickering tv images, Laio Schiffrin score, white costumes, white walls, voice montages all combine for a sterile, dehumanization that would make even George Orwell and Fritz Lang shudder. Francis Ford Coppola (*DEMENTIA 13*, *YOU'RE A BIG BOY NOW*) helped director George Lukas raise money after seeing Lukas' 45 min. short of same idea. First movie of a new generation of film school graduates: the American Zoetrope Co., Right on! Donald Pleasance, Robert Duval, Maggie McOmie, Don Pedro Colley and Marshall Efron. **Color.**



# headitorial



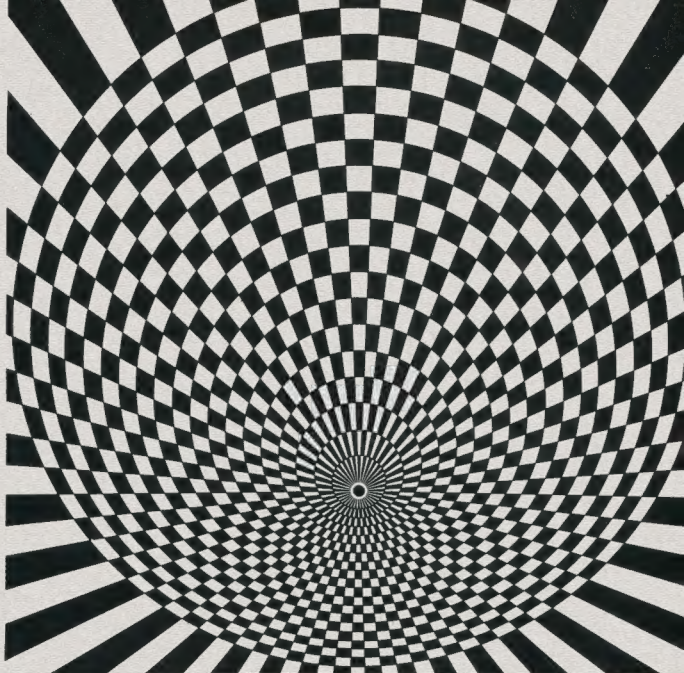
The Boy Scouts make a good captive audience (one of the few left) when hot-air politicians creep into town. At a June 2nd roundup, Prexy Trickard Nixon admonished the Scouts "not to trust" everything stated by TV, papers and other media. In typically divisive style, once again he's cast suspicion and put the nix on a vital lifeline in democracy, especially since media have "dared" to exercise one of the most fundamental and holiest of all prerogatives in a free world, freedom of the press, which doesn't seem to apply when the AgNix Axis is on the firing line.

By resuming character assassination of American media, the Chief Exec' has once again achieved a new low in his checkered career.

It's true that media on all levels leave much to be desired, considering the narrow dimensionalism of the establishment press, tv and the NY Times' policy of printing mostly All It Sees Fit, to the "everything's depraved," let's-destroy-the-world ravings of some unhinged "activists." There are fools and nuts in all quarters.

But recently a lot of Phoenix has arisen from what used to be recently a Sargasso Sea of total blandness. Notably: ever since AgNix started attacking the "effete intellectual snobs" of journalism. Suddenly, namby-pamby journalism woke up overnight revitalizing long dormant intellectual muscles, deciding that Americans shall not be brainwashed as Hitler's Germany was in the 30's and get taken over by a potential Third Reich.

No matter what media is studied lately, some incisive criticism to utter denunciations of the System and Government are found. And that ain't



bad for a change. They may not get to the root of all problems, unfortunately (i.e. how urban Welfare and Integration is a disguised rip-off), but compared with sixteen months ago, the difference now is like Berkeley and Kent State.

Yes, for a change there's renewed hope and spirit in the air. Dissent, almost stifled, has suddenly re-blossomed, mushrooming gorgeously to new heights:

The successful May demonstrations in Wash-DC and elsewhere; the vindica-

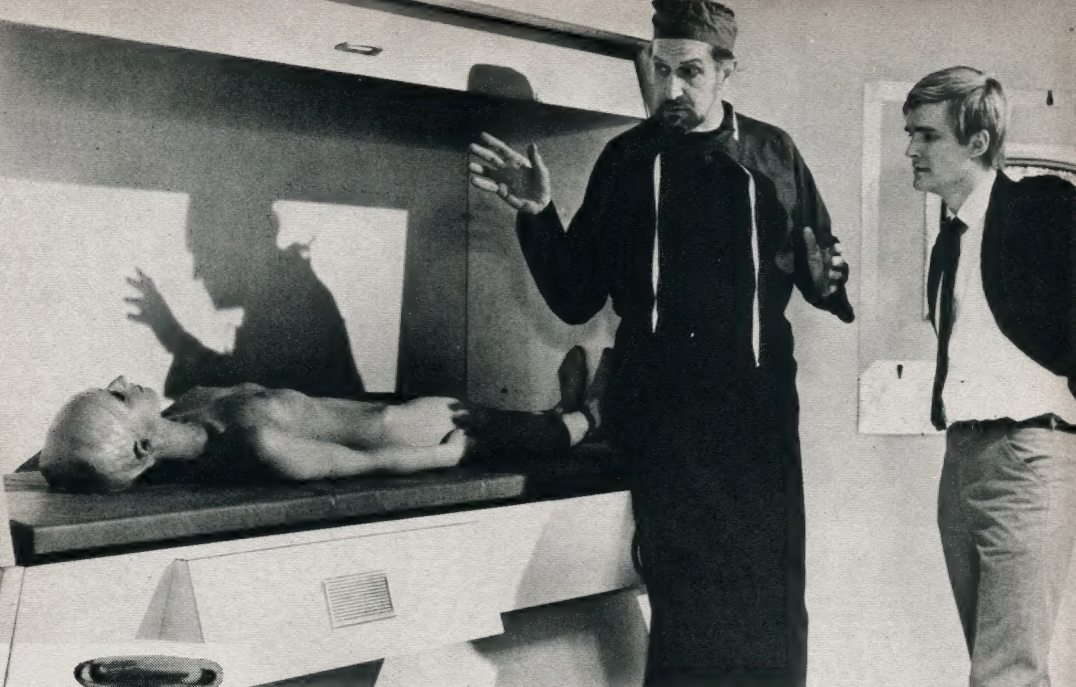
tion of the Panthers; the Gestapo-like arrests of thousands in DC getting exposed as an unConstitutional fraud and

(cont. on page 40)

Above left: Nixon examining a cache of pot seized by Govt. men. Expressing his views after some prolonged sniffs, he disclosed, "I wish to make one thing perfectly clear: It is so far out that it's way in. So, cool it, and RIGHT ON!"—Below: CoF's "head" utilizing the last word in IBM equipment, ensconced in our new luxurious 5th Ave. penthouse offices. This special photo was taken while he was answering Agnew's latest nasty letter attacking CoF's Plagueboy Philosophy.







An American International Picture





**SCREAM & SCREAM AGAIN (94 mins: AIP; 1970).**

A race of artificial humans plots to take over the world in uneven British s.f.-horror. Neat idea goes awry in confused structure, unintelligible editing and Gordon Hessler's trowel-like direction. A few unusual, effective sequences, good dialogue sandwiched in between needless padding, including outrageous title song. But, worth a look - primarily for what it could have been. Shot in Movie-lab Color, cast includes Vincent Price, Chris Lee, Peter Cushing in a cameo, Sally Geeson, David Lodge, and the outstanding Alfred Marks who steals the film as a no-nonsense police inspector.

— Joe Dante —

Dr. Browning .....	VINCENT PRICE
Fremont .....	CHRISTOPHER LEE
Benedek .....	PETER CUSHING
Sylvia .....	JUDY HUXTABLE
Supt. Bellaver .....	ALFRED MARKS
Keith .....	MICHAEL GOTHARD
Ludwig .....	ANTHONY NEWLANDS
Schweitz .....	PETER SALLIS
Det. Insp. Strickland .....	DAVID LODGE
Jane .....	UTA LEVKA
David Sorel .....	CHRISTOPHER MATTHEWS
Helen Bradford .....	JUDI BLOOM



# SCREAM AND SCREAM AGAIN



# THX 1138



Robert Duvall as THX-1138 and Maggie McOmie as LUH-3417 make love in a future that's made it a crime. Below, a leather-clad android fuzz-man maintains a disciplinary stand over a human who might be guilty of something, like trying to be alive.

(See THX Mini-article, page 4)





# Filmusic in the Fantasy Film

by John F. Johnson



**E**ven surpassing the number of mediocre horror movies is the number of mediocre scores written for them. However, many of the classic films have classic scores, and this is a hurried but reverent remembrance of some great horror movie music.

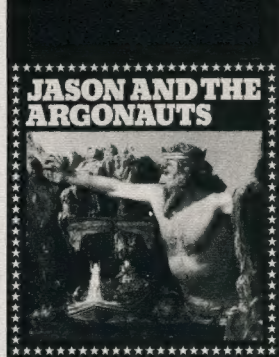
Though original film scores had been in evidence since the end of the Twenties, Universal released **DRACULA** and **FRANKENSTEIN** in

1931 without original music. Music was borrowed from Tchaikovsky and other classical composers for the main and end titles. It was indeed fitting that the first great score for a fantasy film should have been written by Hollywood's first great composer. The film was **KING KONG**; the composer—Max Steiner. The film was years in the making, but Steiner wrote the score in just two weeks. At least 25% of the suc-

cess of the picture can be attributed to the music which made O'Brien's animated models more lifelike and the battle scenes more vivid. Oscar Levant says that Steiner, who had a passion for "illuminating action with sound" in this period, leaped at the opportunity to do the **KONG** score. "It offered him the opportunity to write the kind of music no one had ever heard before—or

*Continued*





since. Full of weird chords, strident background noises, rumblings and heavings . . . it was always my feeling that it should have been advertised as a concert of Steiner's music with accompanying pictures on the screen."

Steiner also wrote the score for the intriguing **MOST DANGEROUS GAME**, filmed simultaneously with **KONG** but released a year earlier (1933). The score remains one of Steiner's personal favorites. In 1935, Merian C. Cooper again called on Steiner to score H. Rider Haggard's **SHE**. By this time Steiner has composed over 100 film scores—one-third of his total film music output! It's a record no other film music composer is likely to top. RCA Victor recorded Steiner's score for **SHE** as well as his score for **KING KONG**. (Both of these as well as **THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME** are available from The Max Steiner Music Society.)

In 1935, original music came to the **Frankenstein** series in one of the screen's best-remembered scores—Franz Waxman's thrilling music for **BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN**. Universal resurrected it constantly for its serials, most notably **Flash Gordon**. **THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME** arrived from England in 1936 with an exceptional score by Arthur Bliss. It was the first British film music to be issued commercially and appeared in three 12" 78-rpm Decca records (K810, K811 and K817; also on RCA, LM-2257).

The Thirties produced another great score for the great fantasy love story **WUTHERING HEIGHTS** (1939). The film version of Emile Brontë's novel of a love too strong to be conquered by death had an inspired sound track by Alfred Newman (a snatch of which can be heard on Decca, DL-8123).

The first year of the Forties produced the fantasy film's most







delightful score, for Alexander Korda's **THIEF OF BAGDAD**. The composer was Miklos Rozsa, who also wrote several songs for the picture. The Technicolor movie was started in England but finished in Hollywood due to a minor interruption to the British film studios known as the Second World War. Parts of the score (along with **JUNGLE BOOK**, also by Rosza) appeared on RCA (LM-2118) along with narration by Leo Genn. Rosza also wrote the Oscar-winning score for Hitchcock's psychological thriller **SPELLBOUND** (1945), available in stereo or mono (WB-1213). It was also around this time that producer

Val Lewton at RKO was using folk songs in his classic series of horror films.

One of the largest contributors to fantasy film music is Bernard Herrmann, who won an Oscar in 1941 for his score to **ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY (THE DEVIL AND DANIEL WEBSTER)**. He has contributed excellent scores to the Alfred Hitchcock pictures of the Fifties and early Sixties. (CoF announced he was doing the music for **TORN CURTAIN**—but Herrmann refused to compose it because Hitchcock insisted on a jazz score). Herrmann has also scored for two of Harryhausen's best films, **THE SEVENTH**

**VOYAGE OF SINBAD** and **MYSTERIOUS ISLAND** as well as Harryhausen's **THREE WORLDS OF GULLIVER** (story and music available on Colpix, CP-414). Herrmann's work for Hitchcock and Harryhausen in the Fifties was followed by Jean Prodromides' beautiful accompaniment to Roger Vadim's **BLOOD AND ROSES** (1959). A haunting Irish harp theme, stylized in the manner of 16th-century compositions, illustrates the film's vampiric reincarnation motif. This is available on Fontana (460.713 ME). Also of interest: Prodromides' **STOWAWAY IN THE SKY**, which is avail-

Continued



able on Philips (PHM 200-029). Composer Les Baxter should be commended for his scoring of AIP's **MASTER OF THE WORLD** (Vee Jay, LP 4000). The Hollywood Reporter called Baxter's score "the loveliest since **AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS**." Baxter also limned Roger Corman's **HOUSE OF USHER**, which concluded with end titles announcing "Soundtrack album available on American International Records." This album, however, was never issued. In fact, the company only issued two records: stereo and mono versions of Les Baxter's **GOLIATH AND THE BARBARIANS** (AIR-1001).

It is unfortunate that so little fantasy film music exists on records,



although this situation seems to be changing. The recent Bette Davis suspense **DEAD RINGER** featured an Andre Previn score more memorable than the film, and Warners was astute enough to release the music (WBR-1536). (The talents of harpsichordist Pearl Kaufman and cellist Eleanor Slatkin are given full display). Gradually, record companies are beginning to realize that the least-touted films sometimes have better music. Quite often a composer has more freedom on a small picture. Budget considerations may limit the number of instruments, but, in some cases, inventive composers have turned this into an advantage.

—Jon F. Davison

ABOVE: A scarce shot of Ernest Thesiger, who was originally tested and cast in the role of Theotocopoulos, the master craftsman of **THINGS TO COME**. The role was taken over by Sir Cedric Hardwicke (before knighthood) who, as Raymond Massey's nemesis, swore "Let us put an end to all this progress. . .!" A profound genesis pattern is evident, beginning with Fritz Lang's influence of **METROPOLIS** (1926), **FRAU IM MOND** (Girl in the Moon, 1928), affecting heavily **THINGS TO COME** (1936), with Kubrick's 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY extending the metaphysical resolution of **THINGS'** finale, "... All the universe or nothingness. . . Which shall it be?"

BELOW: **SHE** (1935), starring Helen Gahagan (Mrs. Melvyn Douglas) on the platform, center, and Randolph Scott reaching out for her. At least six versions of the H. Rider Haggard novel have been made, starting with Georges Melies 65-footer of 1899 to Hammer's **THE VENGEANCE OF SHE**, 1970. Historically, Melies version is considered the "first" SFilm ever made.





## DEMONOLOGIST DIGS UP NEW DEVIL

You might have thought Vincent Price was the one person who would know all about "sidhes".

Yet, when he was invited by American International Pictures to star with Elisabeth Bergner, Esse Persson and Hugh Griffith in

## OF THE Cry Banshee

he had to admit he'd never heard of such a thing.

Mr. Price was in Los Angeles, his home-town, at the time. Overwhelmed by curiosity, he drove to the nearest public library and did a bit of research. Within an hour he had found out all he wanted to know.

Now he can give it to you straight: "A sidhe is a spirit called to earth from regions beyond the grave. And please remember to pronounce it 'See-hee'. It is an unearthly growling, snarling, ferocious something that assumes the body and manners of a human being. It is used by the

Banshees to do their dirty work, and belongs to the old religion of witchcraft. Yet, it does not really exist. It has no soul."

Mr. Price gives you a smile. "You learn something old every day," he grins.



**EDGAR  
ALLAN  
POE probes  
new depths of  
TERROR!**





# Rondo

The careers of Bela Lugosi, Christopher Lee, Boris Karloff, Peter Lorre, Lon Chaney Sr. and Jr., have all been the subjects of intense lucubration and consequent publication. Besides them, the lives of such diverse performers as George Zucco, Claude Rains, Basil Rathbone, John Carradine, Ernest Thesiger, Edward Van Sloan and even Glenn Strange have been moderately studied and documented. *CoF* has provided film historians

with wonderfully consummate checklists on the films of Lorre and Chaney Jr., along with exquisite biographies, as well as Robert C. Roman's much-appreciated writing on the late Laird Cregar. And the talents of Jean Ray, Hannes Bok, and Aubrey Beardsley have all been acknowledged.

It seems, however, that there will forever be more careers, more actors whose nooks in the field of horror and fantasy film-

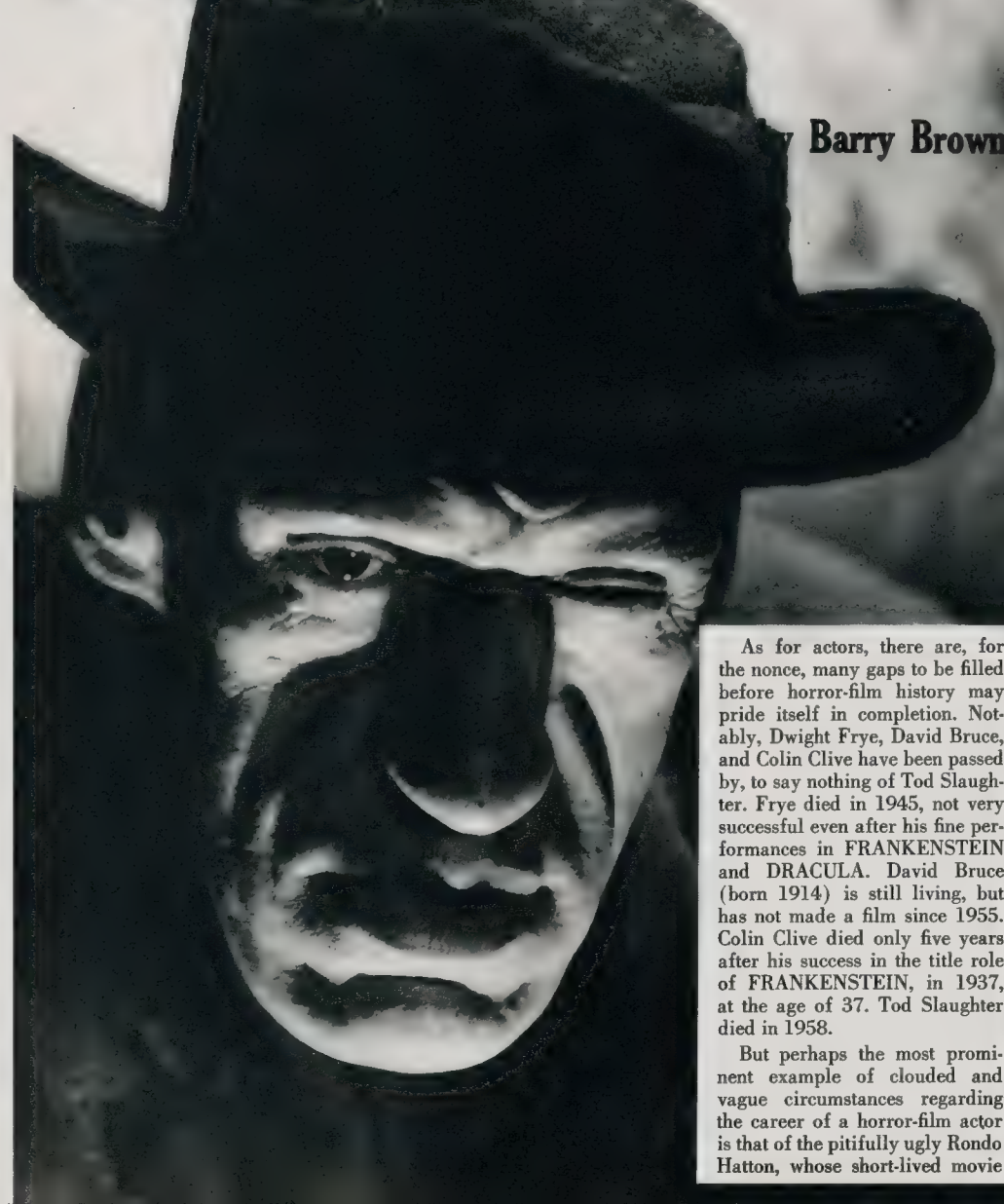
history are substantial, but have been neglected their proper recognition. Of course, producers, directors, or writers such as James Whale, Roger Corman, Tod Browning, Reginald LeBorg, and many others are all but totally ignored. In the category of special effects, more credits have been given, though, so that film buffs are familiar with George Pal, Ray Harryhausen, Willis O'Brien, and so on.



Rondo Hatton and Jane Adams  
in *THE BRUTE MAN*

# Hatton

RONDO HATTON: KNIGHT  
OF THE MOURNFUL COUN-  
TENANCE



Barry Brown

As for actors, there are, for the nonce, many gaps to be filled before horror-film history may pride itself in completion. Notably, Dwight Frye, David Bruce, and Colin Clive have been passed by, to say nothing of Tod Slaughter. Frye died in 1945, not very successful even after his fine performances in *FRANKENSTEIN* and *DRACULA*. David Bruce (born 1914) is still living, but has not made a film since 1955. Colin Clive died only five years after his success in the title role of *FRANKENSTEIN*, in 1937, at the age of 37. Tod Slaughter died in 1958.

But perhaps the most prominent example of clouded and vague circumstances regarding the career of a horror-film actor is that of the pitifully ugly Rondo Hatton, whose short-lived movie



life made him the star freak of two films in the Forties, bringing him fame as "The Creeper." It has been mentioned by several magazines that Hatton died shortly after he reached his zenith, but that is where the explanation ends, and no one has ever seemed interested enough to remedy that deficiency.

With the meagre information I was able to ferret from sources in Los Angeles, I hope to begin an impetus which will result in not only further research and analysis of Hatton's career in films, but investigation into many other as yet entombed personalities of yesteryear horror-flicks.

Rondo Hatton was born April 29, 1894 in Hagerstown, Maryland, the son of Stewart Price Hatton and Emily Lee Zaring, both natives of Missouri. Rondo served in World War I and did not arrive in California until 1937. I failed to unearth information regarding Hatton's first entrance into films as an extra and bit player, but in 1943 he appeared briefly in *THE OX-BOW INCIDENT* at 20th Century Fox, the western classic directed by William Wellman from the novel by Walter Tilburg Van Clark. He must have begun a legitimate actor's campaign for work shortly thereafter, for his picture appears in the 1944 Academy Players Directory, a catalogue listing actors and their agents, sent out to the major studio casting offices.

In 1945, Rondo was signed to a contract by Universal, nicknamed 'The Creeper', and promptly starred in two insipid films, *HOUSE OF HORRORS* and *THE BRUTE MAN*. In both he perambulated through his roles in a laconic, reticent manner, which film historian William K. Everson, in his illustrated book, *The Bad Guys*, termed "listless."

In October of that same year, Hatton became ill and was confined to his home at 308 North Maple Drive in Beverly Hills,

## THE FILMS OF RONDO HATTON

There are, without a doubt, several additions to this mite of credits, but a complete list of Hatton's bit parts was unavailable to me.

1. *THE OX-BOW INCIDENT*. 20th Century Fox, 1943. Cast: Henry Fonda, Dana Andrews, Anthony Quinn, Francis Ford, Leigh Whipper, Frank Conroy, Jane Darwell. Hatton had a bit part. He is present at the hanging.
2. *HOUSE OF HORRORS*. Universal, 1946. Cast: Robert Lowrey, Martin Kosleck, Virginia Grey, Alan Napier, Kent Taylor. Hatton played the Creeper murderer of Kosleck's enemies.
3. *THE BRUTE MAN*. Universal, 1946. Cast: Tom Neal, Jane Adams. Hatton was a disfigured college student whose life goes to pieces and causes him to turn killer.

where he had ensconced himself with his wife, Mabel Bush Hatton, and his parents. He was then attended by his physician, Dr. H.W. Wagoner. On the morning on February 2, 1946, he passed away from a heart attack and was buried a week later in Tampa, Florida, under the auspices of the American Legion of War Veterans.

Hatton was certainly the ugliest actor to star in a film. His elongated, beaten-ham countenance, accompanied by elephantine ears, was a result of a disease of the pituitary glands called acromegaly, similar to the malady which affected the scientist (portrayed by Leo G. Carroll) in 1956's *TARANTULA*. This disease is to be distinguished from gigantism, which is the enlargement of the skeletal frame as a whole, while acromegaly affects, in most cases, the hands, feet, and head, enlarging them to an absurd size through in-

creased secretion of growth hormones by the pituitary gland. It is a sickness usually afflicting the middle-aged, and I was unable to discover how long Hatton had been plagued with the disease. It must have been after his service in the first World War, for his condition would have precluded military duty. It can only be, ergo, a postulation to speak of the derision he may have suffered throughout his life, but it is certain that he must have been inured to his features, for in his final film part, the title role in *THE BRUTE MAN*, Hatton seemed oblivious to the fact that he was bringing to life a character whose story was painfully apposite to his own. He enacted a young, handsome scientist who is disfigured in a laboratory explosion and is thereby affected psychologically by the change in his external appearance. He becomes a profligate murderer, girt in sloven, gloomy attire, and inwardly indurated towards his former sweetheart when he sees that his ugliness repels her. Though the puerile plot and Hatton's lithoid acting style were enough to make the film a somniferous experience, *THE BRUTE MAN* is interesting if solely because it is a parallel to Rondo Hatton's own story.

*HOUSE OF HORRORS* was Hatton's first film under contract to Universal and in it he plays opposite Robert Lowrey. This film is also perfunctory in comparison to other horror-film ventures of the period (try comparing it with *DEAD OF NIGHT*, made the same year). In *HOUSE OF HORRORS*, Hatton plays the furtive "Creeper," and is used by an insane sculptor as an instrument of revenge on critics who poo-pooed the sculptor's "work of art."

By the time filming was ended on *THE BRUTE MAN*, Hutton was having recurrences of a heart condition known as myocarditis, characterized by inflammation of



the muscular walls of the heart, and undoubtedly aggravated by his acromeglia. Eventually, this condition led to a fatal coronary thrombosis four months later.

Thus, Hatton's career was cut short, partly through the same cause of his success. With the affliction of acromegaly, a person's blood pressure is raised, creating an automatically precarious heart condition. Rondo Hatton died at the age of 51, after his nondescript face had been immortalized on celluloid and his name preserved in the annals of film history. Despite his ostensible lack of any conscious probity in delineating the roles he was graced with, and in the face of the flagrant exploitation of the actor's face by Universal, it would be an inconceivable effrontery if Hatton's films and acting were to be overlooked and shelved by film buffs spoiled by the conscious artistry of a Karloff, Chaney, or Lugosi so as to be blinded by the art of Hatton's films, an art which is all the more difficult to grasp because it is hidden beneath the seemingly trivial. Let us learn that the trivial is not trivial and that Rondo Hatton has an indisputable place in the Art of the Horror Film.

—BARRY BROWN

Hatton in HOUSE  
OF HORRORS





### Post Script:

Admittedly, Rondo Hatton's background is hazy solely because screen prominence, if not "stardom," and all the recognition it brings wasn't available to this pathetic personality until shortly before his death. Hatton's livelihood from the movie lots was primarily derived from bit parts, often mere walk-ons, and to a great extent even from extra assignments as a "quaint" face in crowd sequences.

Rondo Hatton's first film role was evidently in 1930, as a reporter in *HELL HARBOR*. The movie was shot in and around the Tampa-St. Petersburg, Florida area. Significantly, Hatton was at the time employed as an actual reporter on the *Tampa Tribune* from where he was undoubtedly recruited.

Hatton also appeared in *IN OLD CHICAGO* (made in 1937 and released in '38) and, interestingly, was cast as "Rondo," a brutish henchman. The cast included Tyrone Power, Don Ameche and Alice Faye. (Of course, Hatton was in many other productions between 1930-37.)

At other times he appeared in various Westerns and several serials, such as *THE CYCLONE KID* (1942); in 1945's *THE ROYAL MOUNTED RIDES AGAIN*, and in the 1944 Western serial *RAIDERS OF GHOST*

*CITY*. These provide, more or less for a reasonably clear outline of Hatton's usual average work.

However, before *HOUSE OF HORRORS* and *THE BRUTE MAN*, Hatton was to attain his first important recognition in the Sherlock Holmes thriller, *THE PEARL OF DEATH* (Universal, 1944), which of course starred the immortal Basil Rathbone and beloved Nigel Bruce. It was in this film where Hatton not only arose to a new height from former obscurity but would, ironically, become identified as "The Creeper." Though *HOUSE OF HORRORS* wasn't a sequel, it managed to become one of several spin-offs from the Sherlock Holmes series; Hatton was now virtually a prominent horror actor, and would go out again to play the part of "The Creeper."

Hatton played the part of the murderous "Murdock," (typical of his "Creeper" roles as a strangling crusher) in *THE SPIDER WOMAN STRIKES BACK* (1946), a spin-off from 1944's *THE SPIDER WOMAN*, another of the Rathbone-Bruce "Holmes" series. Exotic villainess Gale Sondergaard, who played the title role in both films, orders Hatton around to do her bidding. Both, naturally, meet their just rewards.

Understandably, ailments and

deformities as basic plot sources for filmmaking is rather creepy and distasteful and has been carefully shirked by the studios. PRC, nonetheless, took the plunge in 1944 by delineating through exaggeration all of the sickening symptoms of *acromegaly*, the ailment that in real life contributed to Rondo Hatton's demise—the name of the film, *THE MONSTER MAKER*, starring J. Carrol Naish and Ralph Morgan, with Glenn Strange.

Acromegaly is used as a means of obtaining a moment of total, although temporal, power that a brilliant but quite twisted scientist (Naish) wields over a great concert pianist (Morgan). Naish falls insanely, of course, in love with Morgan's daughter, Wanda McKay, after he has saved her life during surgery following a terrible accident. Unhappy for Naish, Miss McKay is already betrothed to someone else: the typical horror film "hero" (bland, superficial and uninteresting, compared to the "villian" who is, obviously, usually quite distinguished, educated to the hilt and an urbane man-of-the-world. And also ruthless and twisted as they come). The more Naish lavishes his attentions on Wanda via flowers, notes and proposals, the more she's taken aback. The idea also repels Ralph Morgan and he decides to take Naish to task. Their argument becomes more heated and Morgan leaves Naish's office in a huff. While attempting to exit, Naish renders him unconscious with a blow to the head. Naish then utilizes the period of unconsciousness to inject Morgan with acromegaly serum; his burly orderly, Glenn Strange, assists in placing Morgan in one of the private clinic's beds. Naish telephones Morgan's daughter and falsely informs, her that her father had a mild dizzy spell and will be all right, but should be taken back home by her since he may still be groggy for a while.







For the moment, everything seems normal again, Naish seems to have been put in his place, and Morgan goes on rehearsing for his concerts . . . only to discover an unusual stiffness in his fingers. As the days pass, Morgan grows increasingly restless and alarmed as his coordination and digital dexterity seem to be vitiating rapidly. Before long he realizes his concert days may well be at an end. Consulting several physicians and after thorough medical check-ups, he is informed of the fact that he has an unusual form of acromegaly:

The disease has spread with fantastic speed, causing results in a matter of weeks which would normally take years. Morgan is informed that the disease is very rare and that there is no known cure; however, "There happens

to be a Dr. Markoff (J. Carrol Naish) in town who has been conducting research on acromegaly for years."

The mere mention of Naish's name enrages Morgan beyond belief; the thought of consulting with him seems, therefore, out of the question. As the disease rages on its course, its deformative effect becomes apparent as Morgan keeps more to himself. Wanda McKay is worried about her father and conveys her concern to her fiancée; by now Morgan has totally isolated himself within the private apartment that is his study in another part of his house. Wanda and her fiancée are momentarily relieved to hear the beautiful sound of Morgan's piano playing coming from behind the doors of his study one evening, until . . . they enter

and find no piano player there: only Ralph Morgan, hovering grotesquely in semi-darkness over a record player, playing one of his own recordings—he is now deformed appallingly and transfigured into the complete monster and creation of the evil Naish. Wanda falls into a merciful faint; Morgan advises her fiancée in a strange rasping voice to keep her out from now on so that she does not have to see him in this condition again. On coming to, Wanda's fiancée pacifies the distraught girl into thinking that it may have been an illusion and mostly the shadows in the dark room that made her imagine it all.

Morgan then decides to see Naish and lay his cards on the table. Naish is adamant however, and argues that a cure can only





be effected if he can influence his daughter. Morgan goes suddenly berserk and attacks Naish, but is pinned down by Glenn Strange. Naish and Strange then strap and tie down Morgan making him a prisoner. By pretending that Morgan had a breakdown after coming to seek a cure, Naish realizes that he may be able to lure Wanda and gradually ensnare her into his plans.

Underlying the whole film is a subplot involving a neglected and much-abused lady assistant scientist, played by Tala Birell. In the lab where much of the research takes place is a miniature zoo, including the usual variety of lab animals, and a German shepherd hound who is especially devoted to his mistress, Miss Birell, and . . . a huge fearsome gorilla that hates Miss Birell and is annoyed by her dog's presence.

Among many things, Tala Birell also knows about Naish's shady past: that he gained his name and reputation through foul means by using the credentials and acromegaly research of a certain European scientist who, it appears, had been "done away" with under mysterious circumstances.

After finding an empty vial that contained acromegaly serum, Birell confronts Naish with evidence she has that proves how Morgan didn't become "sick" naturally. Naish tries to weasel out of this indelicate situation, but also realizes that Birell stands between him and any plans he may have for Wanda McKay. After Birell retires to her room that night, Naish conveniently leaves the lab door open and unlatches the gorilla's cage. Picking up the scent, the gorilla ad-

vances to Birell's room, murder in his heart. In the morning Naish is shocked to see Birell alive and well, despite her horrendous encounter; it suddenly becomes obvious that the loyal German shepherd succeeded in cowing the awesome gorilla (who, by this time, had been herded back into his cage).

In the end Naish receives his just desserts as his evil and villainous career comes to a dramatic close with his death, while all the good and worthy people survive. Ralph Morgan also makes a complete recovery, thanks to Tala Birell's knowledge of acromegaly and an antidote. And to the dramatic tempo of Chopin's "Polonaise" concerto, played with superb verve by Ralph Morgan in a concert hall, the story reaches its happy conclusion.

—Calvin T. Beck





Voluptuous, well-endowed  
Izelda Pitt has now attained  
status with fright queens  
Barbara Shelley and Barbara  
Steele since *THE VAMP-  
IRE LOVERS*, and now in  
*THE HOUSE THAT  
DRIPPED BLOOD*, Robert  
Bloch's new screenplay.  
She's shown here as Carla,  
leader of a vampire club  
out to gain converts. Any-  
one interested getting  
fangs by her and joining  
up?

# AN INTERVIEW WITH PART TWO ROBERT BLOCH

Marking the conclusion of a two-part interview with one of the most esteemed masters of modern fantasy and horror fiction.

**COF:** You've written some semi-satirical short stories about Hollywood: "Terror Over Hollywood," "Is Betsy Blake Still Alive?" "Sock Finish," "The Dream Makers." Do these reflect a certain cynicism toward film-making?  
**BLOCH:** More of a love, I think. I started out as a movie fan of the

silent era. When I was in England recently I joined the National Film Society so I could catch up on a whole lot of old films which I hadn't seen for forty years. I spent my youth in the Midwest in theaters. The first film that shocked me out of my wits was



**PHANTOM OF THE OPERA.** Lon Chaney had a traumatic effect on me. All during the 1930's I carried on a private romance with Hollywood. Movies were an outlet during the Depression. An escape. For a dime you saw a double feature. Dream stuff. Escapism par excellence. When I came to Hollywood in 1959 it was like coming into a world I had always dreamed of seeing. It was a great thrill to meet these people, to work with them, to get to know them. I still feel that way. Part of me is still extremely naive—eight years old, wandering around and gawking at the stars. Those short stories you cited—they were all written before I came to Hollywood, so they are not tinged with cynicism by any means.



**COF:** And now that you are embedded deeply in the Hollywood community, how do you feel about motion pictures in your genres?

**BLOCH:** I was impressed with 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY, naturally. But I thought it was 90 percent Kubrick and only ten percent Clarke. I would like to see the original shooting script some day just to verify whether I am right.

Anyway, I felt there were four styles of science fiction. The ape sequence and the initial spaceship material was in the old Gernsback technological style. Everything scientifically accurate and beautifully done. This was written to satisfy the hard core s-f enthusiasts. The second section, to me, was an American-International parody with the computer. With the Vincent Price overtones. The third dressing up, of course, was for the hippies, and this is the trip through the Stargate—the psychedelic experience. The fourth was metaphysical. The ambiguous finale. So, it was a film done in four divergent styles—but for a purpose. Designed to hook just about every potential level of an audience. Commercially this is sound, but I don't know how aesthetic it is.

**COF:** Is it true that your wife never reads any of your stories?

**BLOCH:** (Chuckling)—It's true. She doesn't care to know that side of me. She hasn't even seen PSYCHO. In fact, I never discuss with her what I've written. While she enjoys Christopher Lee and others as friends, she doesn't follow their work either.

**COF:** You sold your first story to *Weird Tales* when you were only 17. Many of those first stories, "Feast In The Abbey" and so on, were pretty well considered imitative of the H.P. Lovecraft tradition.

**BLOCH:** I was very definitely a Lovecraft follower and a Lovecraft pupil. He read and criticized the first few stories I did. Naturally I admired his work and so, for the first four or five years, my work was derivative and reminiscent of Lovecraft.

**COF:** In his "Searchers Of Tomorrow," Sam Moskowitz states: "In science fiction Bloch felt uninhibited, under no obligation to be anything but himself. In weird fiction the ghost of Lovecraft bound him in a literary straitjacket that he would be years in completely extricating himself from." Do you agree with that?

**BLOCH:** I agree partially. I would say that regarding science fiction Moskowitz is referring primarily to my Lefty Feep stories, which were broad farces utilizing the Damon Runyon idiom of the early 1940's with fantastic locales. This was the first time I totally cut loose from horror stories in a different style. But I had also done humor in *Weird Tales* that was just as uninhibited and I had already begun to develop what eventually became my style (for better or for worse) in *Weird Tales*. Then there are the mystery and suspense novels. "The Scarf" was the big breakthrough for me because I hadn't done anything like it before. I began to inject more and more pseudo-psychology and psychiatry in my works. And nobody has yet discovered that although I've dealt with psychotherapy in 50 or more of my stories, I'm totally unsympathetic to the Freudian concept. Almost in every instance the psychiatrist's attitudes are exposed or downgraded. And from that, of course, comes the final phase of my career: writing films and TV. To specification, of course.

**COF:** What percentage of your material in the last few years would you say is pure science fiction?

**BLOCH:** very very little—unfortunately.

**COF:** Has, then, the bulk of your stories been in the horror genre?

**BLOCH:** Always has been. I think



**WILLIAM CASTLE** warns you that your  
dreams can make you a...

# NIGHT WALKER



Will it  
drive you  
to dream  
of **SEX**  
...of **MURDER**  
and  
secret  
desires  
you're  
ashamed  
to admit  
when  
awake!

STARRING

**ROBERT TAYLOR • BARBARA STANWYCK**

JUDITH MEREDITH

Also Starring

**LOYD BOCHNER**

as "The Dream"

Screenplay by **ROBERT BLOCH** Produced and Directed by **WILLIAM CASTLE** A Universal Picture

*Together!  
Again!*



I'm only a science fiction writer by sufferance. After the decline of *Weird Tales* the science fiction magazines would print fantasy and label it science fiction. But I know nothing about science at all. I never have.

**COF:** The same is true of Ray Bradbury.

**BLOCH:** Yes, but Ray is a stylist. That is his strength. And so he must write a Bradbury story. There is such a thing as a Bradbury story. There is no such thing as a Bloch story. I've written in too many fields. Bradbury always consciously plays the role of a child in an adult world. The sense of wonder of a child. The innocence of

a child. The insight of a child. This may seem a downgrading of his talent, but it is more an explanation of it. He gives to young people a voice. He is their spokesman. He looks at the Emperor and sees that he is naked. Behind the computer is some poor fellow who has to feed it data. Ray sees only the man, he doesn't see all the technological front.

**COF:** Who are some of your other favorite writers?

**BLOCH:** Strangely enough, Mark Twain. Poe, naturally. I was very much interested in James Branch Cabell. I still am. One of the greatest writers of the 20th. Century, and one

totally neglected, is Jules Romains. I have 14 volumes of his books here.

**COF:** You said a moment ago there is no such thing as a Bloch story. Why?

**BLOCH:** I've always suffered from a shortage of talent. I'm very limited. Secondly, I have a very inadequate educational background. I must therefore improvise, invent and augment. Thirdly, I am faced with the problem that faces every writer: the necessity to keep up with trends. It's not a matter of growing stale—it's a matter of growing out of touch. Actually, empathy is the only strength I have. The ability to put myself in-





## EXPERIMENT IN NIGHTMARE



**EXPERIMENT IN NIGHTMARE** is an unusual 5 minute film especially created as a pre-publicity tie-in with **THE NIGHT WALKER**. Written by & starring Bloch, it also featured professional hypnotist Pat Collins. She is seen above in this documentary engaged in an experiment with members of her audience.

Left: Loretta Young, age 16 (!), as Satan's "slave" in **7 FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN**.

## 7 FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN



## 7 FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN



side the characters and understand their motivations. This is merely a matter of acting in print. I impersonate the people as I write them.

**COF:** What kind of writing schedule do you maintain? Do you have a set pattern or do you work only when you feel like it?

**BLOCH:** If I only worked when I felt like it, nothing would ever get done. If I have something going, I sit down at the typewriter at 9 in the morning. I get up for lunch, I keep working until I get tired. When I get tired I quit. I've learned I can force myself to go on, but the next day I'll have to re-do those pages.

**COF:** How long does it usually take you to write a novel, say, like "Firebug" or "Terror"?

**BLOCH:** Usually five or six weeks. I revise as I go along. I used to have eyestrain before contact lenses, so I tried to save myself by having as few drafts as possible. I've trained myself to write first draft. I'm lazy, you see. And the sooner I get it over with, the more time I have to loaf and complain. If it's a screenplay I don't get a good night's sleep. I write in my sleep—a kind of half-dream, half-awake state. When I get up to my typewriter, suddenly it's all there again, working at me. I want to get that succulence off my back. That 40 pound monkey of manuscript. I want to get it done with—not that there's any craftsmanship involved.

**COF:** How much reading of science fiction do you do nowadays?

**BLOCH:** In recent years I haven't been reading one-tenth of what I once read—or should be reading. I simply don't have the time.

**COF:** What are your feelings about the so-called "new wave" of s-f writers? Those who seem to be more concerned with style and ambiguity than anything else...

**BLOCH:** I'm not sold on it, though right now it's the vogue. There's such a deficiency in content and concept. Because I'm so ancient I can reflect on all the great moments in science fiction. I know when s-f really began to spark. I can cite you half a dozen breakthroughs in concepts that were quite staggering, within a contemporary frame of reference. Isaac Asimov developed the robot stories; A.E. Van Vogt developed things that were based on general semantics theories. Ted Sturgeon did "More Than Human," Alfie Bester came along with "The Demolished Man," Phil Farmer with "The Lovers." These were always matters of not only technique but ideas that were departures from what had previously been done.

What I'm attempting to say is that in recent years I have seen no such

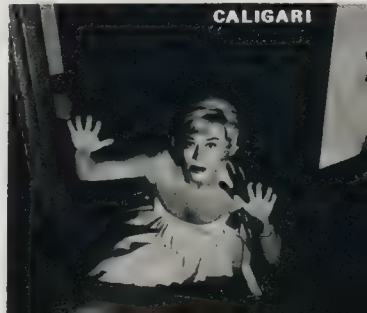


## STRAIT JACKET

breakthroughs in stories. I have seen stylists come along and adapt stylist tricks and nuances from so-called mainstream fiction or avant garde fiction. We've had nothing to shake up readers or broaden the field. Only stylists. And what are they writing about, really? The atomic holocaust; the end of the world; the reconstructed man; attitudes of aliens; totalitarian societies on other planets. They are still preaching such miraculous new concepts as bigotry, intolerance, brotherhood. This is all fine and dandy but it is not an explication of the best that can be done. There's going to have to be some very new directions taken. Not toward outer space, but toward inner space. The strange gray world inside our cranium. That is the microcosm and macrocosm we've just begun to touch upon. We must become obsessed with the miracle of man's thoughts, his conscience. This to me is where it's all at. This is what's happening, baby. When writers turn on themselves to examine the subliminal and think of ESP in terms of its cerebral connotation, rather than its external effect, then we'll have something to wax lyrical about.

**COF:** In many of your stories you paint an ugly portrait of mankind in general. Why is this?

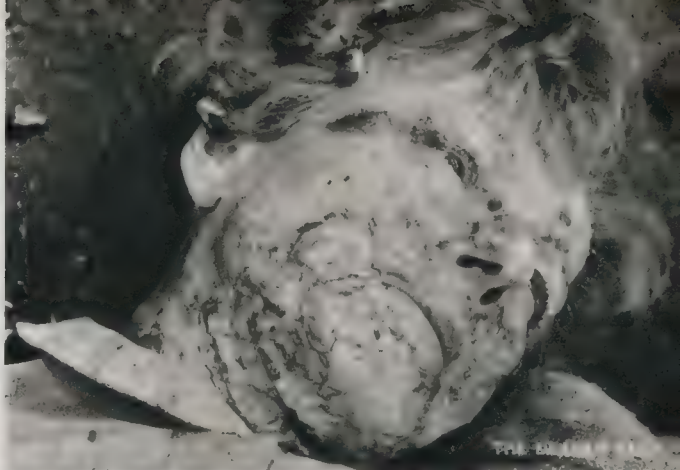
**BLOCH:** To me, people in mass are an enigma. I've never seen anything constructive performed by a



## CALIGARI



mob. I've never seen anything worthwhile performed at a gathering. People seem to lose their humanity in a herd. The baser drives are laid bare. You even see this in PTA groups and Little League teams. It exemplifies all the worst elements of the human condition. I've seen too much of that because I worked for many years in the advertising business—and before that I did a great deal of ghost writing for politicians. You have to find the real reasons for seducing a person to buy a certain product or to vote for a certain candidate. I started writing 35 years ago and, until the late 50's, was always very much a part of the mass and had ample opportunity to live with it first-hand. Some were very fine people, but others gave nothing to the world and had no desire to do so. They lived for sensations, for kicks, for today only. And in them I've never been able to completely excuse these weaknesses. Perhaps this is an unjust viewpoint. I've never been victimized, I've never been paranoid, my parents were good to me. I suppose I'm just idealistic. I must say this about my writing—you'll find almost always, in the last analysis, I'm writing a morality piece. My villains don't triumph—they don't really enjoy their frustrations or perversions. The grotesqueries that I write about are merely illustrative. I never have believed that anyone who's read *PSYCHO* would want to go out



and become another Norman Bates. There's no percentage in it. [Bloch points toward his bookcase]: You can see my problem as a writer on those shelves there. I've written in too many fields and people interested in one don't know anything about the other. People who read mysteries don't read science fiction, and vice versa.

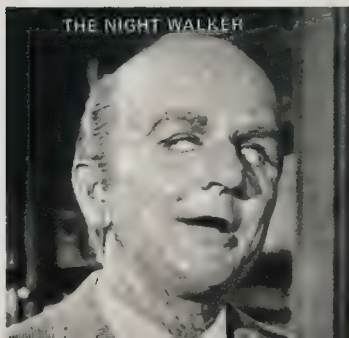
**COF:** To wrap this up— what advice would you give to young writers today?

**BLOCH:** That which most of us writers try to avoid: sit down at the typewriter and write!

I've found that 90 percent of the would-be writers don't want to write. What they want is to be known as writers. They want the label. But the actual act is something they dread. To me, all writing is communication, self-expression. Or should be. My objection to atonality in music, to glorified Rorschach Tests which pass as pieces of Modern Art, and to so much



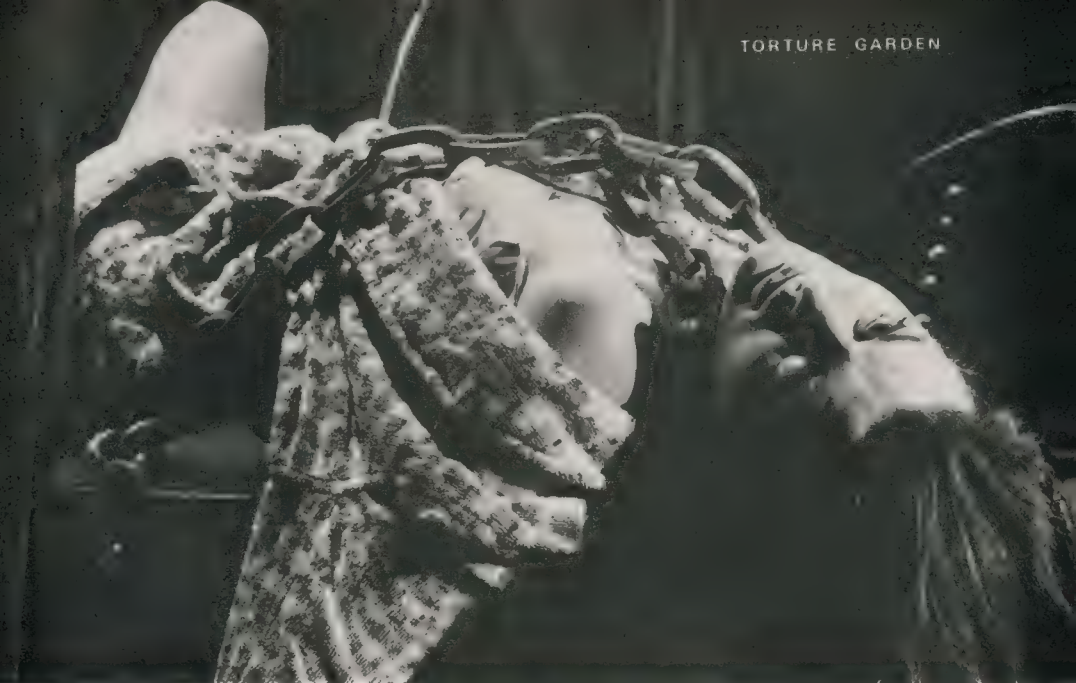
THE DEADLY BEES



THE NIGHT WALKER







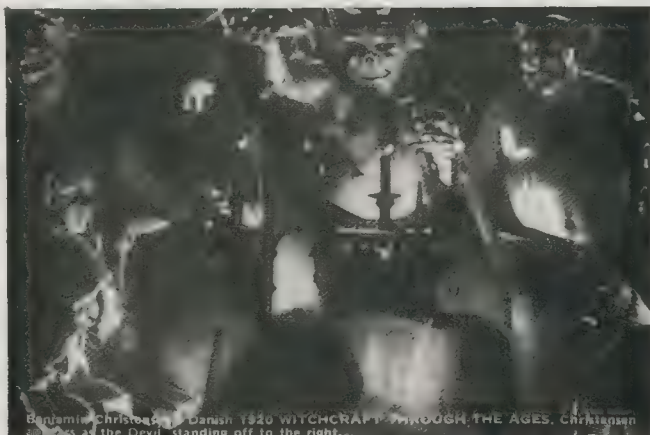
written today is that it does not communicate. I still believe it is the prime duty of the writer or the artist to hold the attention of an audience—to entertain or to enlighten. I've always had this desire to communicate with people. Share a viewpoint, evoke a reaction. The switch, the punch, the gimmick, the mystification, the joke, the sight or verbal—even the pun. The slant or twist on the obvious. Beyond that, there isn't much else to say.

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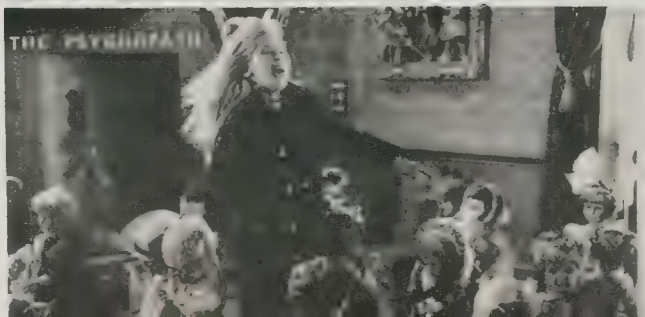


**Important note:** This interview was taped on the Munichstadt Glockenrekordadt Gramophonich audi-drome at 7½ ips, on 3M UltraMy-lar Tape, using 4 stereo mikes for 8 track stereo-sound. Gabe Lahilly at the controls; Mingo 8-Ball Carson on boom mikes; Irving Forbust, head grip; Zsa Zsa Guntilla, script girl; Kim Beale, spld fx.

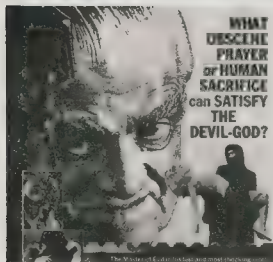
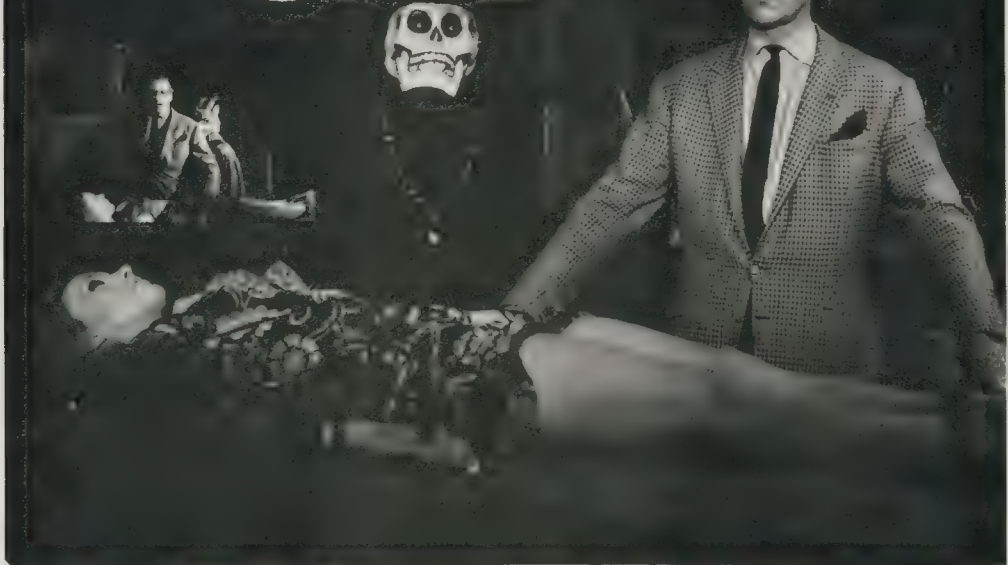
This is a Da-Glo Production.



Benjamin Christensen, Danish 1920 WITCHCRAFT THROUGH THE AGES. Christensen as the Devil, standing off to the right.



# The CRIMSON CULT



## THE CRIMSON CULT (89 mins; AIP, 1970).

The original title was "The Crimson Altar," and it was made in '68. While several more Karloff films still await release, this was one of his last, and an excruciatingly bad, vapid one it is. Lugubrious nonsense about devil cult activity has Chris Lee standing stiffly around, Barbara Steele painted green, and wheelchair bound Karloff giving his all to exit lines like "I always knew he had a split mind." Though very weak tea, things perk up a bit when Boris is onscreen. With Michael Gough, Mark Eden, Virginia Wetherell. Directed by Vernon Sewell (Eastman Color). — Joe Dante





# WIKENFILM movie guide

**M—(120 min.; Nero, 1931).** Shortest title ever for a film. In psychological-horror study as Berlin child murderer, Peter Lorre was catapulted into overnight stardom. Based on Fritz von Harbou's novel, Fritz Lang's brilliant study of psycho-killer examines problem from a sociological vantage point. One of director Lang's greatest, far ahead of its time, but as much "now" as it'll ever be. Music: excerpts from "Peer Gynt." Otto Wernicke, Inge Landgut, Fritz Gness, Theo Lingen, Rudolf Blumner.

**M—(88 min.; Col., 1951).** Joseph Losey's remake of 1931 Lang-Lorre classic (see above). Not as good though similar in approach. David Wayne excellent in the Lorre role; film is definitely worth seeing as a Losey flick and as one of his few US-based productions. Howard da Silva, Luther Adler, Martin Gabel, Glenn (THE LADY FROM SHANGHAI) Anders, Steve Brodie, Raymond Burr, Jim Backus.

**MACABRE (73 min.; AA, 1958).** First of vet director Wm. Castle's "gimmick" flicks, with a Lloyd's of London insurance policy covering anyone who dies of fright watching. It's doubted if it extends to TV showings. An uneven mixture of straight suspense and black humor spoof, as father frantically searches for daughter feared buried alive. Basically rather unpleasant, not as much fun as later Castle epics. William Prince, Jacqueline Scott, Jim Backus, Christine White.

**MACBETH (107 min.; Rep., 1948).** Orson Welles' and Herbert J. Yates' (Rep's late owner) remarkable cultural venture which Welles delivered with dialogue in thick brogue, playing Macbeth as a barbarian king. Disillusioned, Yates had nearly entire film re-dubbed into more intelligible English. While flawed due to short shooting schedule (4 weeks), typically Wellesian cinematic bravura seen in through despite low budget, miscasting, etc. Welles, Dan O'Herlihy, Jeanette Nolan, Roddy McDowall.

**MACBETH (97 min.; Grand Prize, 1960).** More purist oriented version produced in England and seen originally on TV Hallmark Hall of Fame series, winner of 5 Emmys. Competent, representational filmization, expertly acted by fine cast. We still prefer Orson's version, though. Maurice Evans, Judith Anderson, Michael Hordern, Ian Bannen, many others. Color.

**MACHINE GUN KELLY (84 min.; AIP, 1958).** Roger Corman turns ordinary gangster-programmer material into vaguely horror-styled manic melodrama. Hoodlum Kelly finds most of his plans going awry because of morbid terror of anything connected to death. Charles Bronson is forceful as Kelly, and Morey Amsterdam surprisingly good in "straight" role as homo informer. Susan Cabot, Richard Devon, Jack Lambert.

**MACISTE AGAINST HERCULES IN THE VALLEY OF WOE (95 min.; Embassy, 1963).** Title gives ample indication of lumpy, vacuous Italian "spook" of music spectacles. Fight promoters go back in time, stage fight between Hercules and Maciste. Not as amusing or funny as its models, with horrid over-playing by Franco & Ciccio, the world's worst comedy team. Frank Gordon, Kirk Morris, Liana Orfei. Color. Scope.

**MACUMBA LOVE (86 min.; UA, 1960).** Writer researchingoodoo expose finds the real thing on tropical island. Fair adventure-horror, nicely shot in Brazil. Walter Reed, Ziva Rodann, June Wilkinson, William Wellman Jr. Color.

**MAD ABOUT MEN (90 min.; Eagle Lion, 1954).** Pleasurable British fantasy sequel to MIRANDA, continuing the adventures of the lovelock mermaid. Not one of the "best" Brit' light comedy fantasies, film still has nice pacing, sustaining interest through succession of sight and dialogue dexterity. Glynn Johns, Margaret Rutherford, Anne Crawford, Donald Sinden. Color.

**MAD DOCTOR, THE (90 min.; Par., 1941).** Only occasionally effective "A" thriller about wealthy Viennese psychiatrist Basil Rathbone who marries rich women and bumps them off. A few good scenes in otherwise flat, predictable film. Martin Kosleck, Ralph Morgan, John Howard, Ellen Drew.

**MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND (88 min.; Hemisphere, 1969).** Cheap, repellent, sadistic Filipino sex-horror carnage. Green mutant tears luckless Blood Island residents limb from limb. Includes an incredibly graphic sex sequence considering film is rated

M by Code. Do they really see these pictures? Plenty of entrails scattered about, great stuff for slack-jawed droolers. Rest assured a sequel, BEAST OF BLOOD, is already out. John Ashley (memories, memories), Alicia Alonzo, Romero Remy. Dirs. Gerry DeLeon, Eddie Romero. Eastman Color.

**MAD DOCTOR OF MARKET STREET (The 61 min.; Univ., 1942).** Idiotic thriller and one of Universal's all-time worst. Charged with murder, insane scientist Lionel Atwill flees Philadelphia, sans W.C. Fields, ending up as "the God of Life" (but not of Time or Fortune) heading a tribe of feeble-minded natives on a South Sea Isle. Waste of film and talent. Una Merkel, Nat Pendleton, Claire Dodd.

**MAD EXECUTIONERS, THE (92 min.; Par., 1965).** Eerie photography lends nice Gothic tone to German adaptation of Edgar Wallace-inspired "White Carpet," by his son. Pretty blondes are beheaded by fiend. Several deliciously preposterous moments; twisting plot should keep you guessing even after film is over. Jorg Felmy, Maria Perschy, Dieter Borache, Heinz Drache. Totalscope.

**MAD GENIUS, THE (81 min.; WB, 1931).** Crazy, club-footed dance genius exercises evil Svengali-like influence over young man—and over the world. John Barrymore's attempts to reprise his success in the latter role with fair result in interesting Michael Curtiz semi-horror production. Marian Marsh, Donald Cook, Boris Karloff.

**MAD GHOUL, THE (65 min.; Univ., 1943).** Grisly little shocker about vapor which induces a state of "living death." Wildly fantastic, with juicy macabre ending, but basically the usual stuff. Mad Zucco, Evelyn Ankers, David Bruce, Turhan Be.

**MAD LOVE (83 min.; MGM, 1935).** Excellent moods prevail in slightly dated remake of 1925 German silent THE HANDS OF ORLAC. Insane surgeon grafts murderer's hands on wrists of injured concert pianist. Fine Germanic atmosphere, sets, direction by Karl Freund. Excellent performance by Peter Lorre in his American film debut. Good support from Colin Clive, Ed Brophy, Key Luke, Frances Drake.

**MAD MAGICIAN, THE (72 min.; Col., 1954).** Vincent Price as The Great Gallico, Master of Illusion, goes berserk and polishes victims off in his crematorium and lethal buzzsaw. One of the very last 3-D films. Despite several interesting moments, attempt to ride on box-office success of THE HOUSE OF WAX under fading director John Brahm who even includes a bonfire set-piece from his much better HANGOVER SQUARE. John Emery, Fina Gabor, Mary Murphy.

**MAD MONSTER, THE (72 min.; PRC, 1942).** Cheap Grade-C werewolf thriller. Mad doctor George Zucco turns dull-witted Glenn Strange into monster. Awful acting by Johnny Downs and dialogue are good for a chuckle, with A-1 veteran villain Zucco playing it to the hilt; but the rest is uninteresting and routine. Anne Nagel.

**MAD MEN OF MANDORAS (74 min.; Crown, 1963).** In the grand tradition of THE MAN WITHOUT A BODY and ATTACK OF THE CRAB MONSTERS, Hitler's head still returns to spread hate in mildly offbeat but silly grade-C horror. Walter Stocker, Audrey Caire, Carlos Rivas. (Phillipine man.)

**MADWOMAN OF CHALLOTT, THE (145 min.; WB/7A, 1968).** Bryan Forbes replaced John Huston as director of updated version of Jean Giraudoux's cerebral fantasy play of scheme to save the world (and to save Paris from being leveled for oil deposits); mixed intentions shown, combined with occasional disoriented staginess. Nevertheless, brilliantly shot by Claude Renouf and Bernet Cuffy, beautifully scored. Fine cast helps, and heavily romantic result will please anyone concerned over world's troubles. Katherine Hepburn, Charles Boyer, Danny Kaye, Yul Bryn-

## LIVING SKYSCRAPERS OF STONE THUNDERING ACROSS THE EARTH!



## THE MONOLITH MONSTERS

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GRANT WILLIAMS • LOLA ALBRIGHT  
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A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL PICTURE



THE VAMPIRE

ner, Oscar Homolka, Donald Pleasence, Paul Henreid, Richard Chamberlain, others. **Technicolor.**

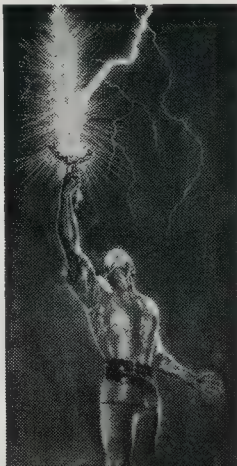
**MAGIC BOY** (76 min.; MGM, 1961). Young boy learns magic powers from hermit, frees his village from bandits in Japanese cartoon feature. Seemed more outstanding in '61, now hard to distinguish from scores of cheapie animated Japanese TV series. **Color.**

**MAGIC CARPET, THE** (84 min.; Col., 1951). Another opportunity to see bad to so-so film players who could only make good in a medium equal to their talents: TV. Inspired Arabian Nights fantasy; same old stuff about the dis-inherited prince who revolts (but, revolts who? Aha!). Lucille Ball, John Agar, Raymond Burr. **Color.**

**MAGIC CHRISTIAN, THE** (92 min.; Commonwealth, 1969). Some fleetingly funny moments in labored fantasy spoof from Terry Southern novel. Campy, nihilistic humor often misfires leaving sour taste. Hardly uplifting, but some good direction by Joe McGrath and one of the greatest Dracula shots ever with Chris Lee striding down a wide-angle ship's corridor. Mostly a dud. Peter Sellers, Ringo Starr and some of the quickest cameos ever by Raquel Welch, Richard Attenborough, others including Roman Polanski. **Deluxe Color.**

**MAGIC FACE, THE** (89 min.; Col., 1951). Intriguing "Hit" melodrama. Actor becomes Hitler's valet and then kills him in attempt to end the war via strategic military errors (that have some historical basis). Luther

### The Magic Sword



Adler is excellent in the lead, with Patricia Medina, "Third Reich" author William L. Shirer.

**MAGIC SWORD, THE** (80 min.-UA-1962). When evil sorcerer Lodac kidnaps the Princess to feed his dragon, St. George braves the dreaded Seven Curses to rescue her. Charming special fx, adventure story-line, makeup and presence of Basil Rathbone and Estelle Winwood makes it impossible to imagine that generally schlocky, horrid filmmaker Bert I. Gordon was behind this. But it may be his only worthy venture, even if he lives another hundred years. Gary Lockwood, Anne Helm, Vampira. **Color.**

**MAGIC WORLD OF TOPO GIGIO, THE** (72 min.; Col., 1965). Originally exploited on Ed Sullivan's Show, Topo Gigio, the talking (rubber) mouse, takes off for the moon with his girl friend and little pal the cowardly worm. Cutesy-poo Italian children's film. Mickey need not fear the competition. **Color.**

**MAGICIAN, THE** (110 min.; Janus, 1958). Brilliant but difficult exploration of fantasy and reality by Ingmar Bergman: In reality, little of what is accepted is what it may seem to be; that man is in perpetual search of a Messiah, or counterpart, only to be disillusioned to learn that each Messiah is nothing but another man. Integral part of the Bergman Mystery, one of best foreign films available to TV. Special Jury Prize, Venice Festival. Max Von Sydow, Ingrid Thulin, Gunnar Bjornstrand, Bibi Andersson.



**YOU ACTUALLY LIVE EVERY  
THRILL OF THIS SPINE-TINGLING  
SUSPENSE NOVEL...BECAUSE IT'S  
IN**

**3-DIMENSION**



An  
ALLIED  
ARTISTS  
Production  
starring

**RICHARD CARLSON  
VERONICA HURST**

with KATHERINE EMERY • MICHAEL PATE • HILLARY BROOKE

Executive Producer Produced by Production Designed and Directed by  
**WALTER MIRISCH • RICHARD HEERMANCE • WILLIAM CAMERON MENZIES**

Written for the screen by  
**DAN ULLMAN • MAURICE SANDOZ**

PLEASE do not  
reveal the  
amazing climax  
to your friends!

**MAGNET, THE (79 min.; Univ., 1951).** Odd, fragile British comedy-drama with semi-fantasy overtones, about small boy's attachment to a magnet that he thinks has magical properties. Worthy of a look. William Fox, Kay Walsh, Stephen Murray.

**MAGNETIC MONSTER, THE (79 min.; UA, 1953).** Good, inventive little atomic thriller of implosion which very effectively and intelligently intersperses majestic scenes from 1952 Ufa German spectacular GOLD. Produced by Ivan Tors, directed by Curt Siodmak. Richard Carlson, Kong Donovan, Jean Byron.

**MAGUS, THE (119 min., Fox, 1968).** Mystical, Fellini-like style pervades overall story, at times rambling but leaving one with feeling of having taken a filmic "trip." Anthony Quinn plays a tormented Greek millionaire producing a movie about the War of 1821, who died as hostages while Quinn was town's mayor. Now in the present, Caine becomes victim to Quinn's derangement. Despite enigmatic moods and endings, quite worthy of attention. Candice Bergen, Michael Caine, Anna Karina, Paul Stassino. Deluxe Color.

**MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS, THE (88 min.; RKO, 1942).** Hollywood had years ago sowed seeds that grew into its present ruin: despite 45 minutes butchered from it, *Ambersons* is a 2nd theatrically released film still survives as one of the most important works of filmic art; considered great as *CITIZEN KANE*, some rate it even higher, from Booth Tarkington's novel. Recently Welles revealed it also as loose, semi-biographical story of his own family background. Too complex & important for this space. It will be covered more adequately in a forthcoming issue. Prod., written and dir. by Orson Welles; editing (1), Robert Wise; music, Bernard Herrmann. With: Tim Holt, Joseph Cotten, Dolores Costello, Agnes Moorehead, Ray Collins, Anne Baxter.

**MAJIN—MONSTER OF TERROR (86 min., Daei, 1964).** Stone monster of legendary powers comes to life in rout a usurper in by far the best directed "monster" film so far. It's no KWAIDAN, but careful production, atmosphere and stunning color (and Scope, unfortunately) photography makes us regret the film's pitifully lined theatrical release and quick sale to TV. Miwa Takada, Yoshihiko Aoyama, Tatsuo Enzo. Color.

**MALTESE BIPPY, THE (92 min.; MGM, 1959).** Rowan & Martin's first major clip isn't up to their 1958 *ONCE UPON A HORSE*. Very dated style horror-spoof has evil neighbors convince Martin he's a werewolf in effort to get stolen diamonds. Good cast, funny Olsen & Johnson-like opening and end, with some nice grisly sick jokes, but unexpectedly unimaginative, derivative and unfunny; middle portion is nearly straight 40's-type thriller. Typical example of trying to fit individual comic talents into debility of film pictures; the same sense of misused potential as imparted by most of Abbott & Costello's and Olsen-Johnson's studio designed vehicles. Shots included from ATLANTIS & THE TIME MACHINE. Carol Lynley, Fritz Weaver, Mildred Natwick, Julie Newmar. Dir. Norman Panama. Panavision, Metro Color.

**MALTESE FALCON, THE (101 min.; WB, 1941).** 3rd, best version of Dashiell Hammett's novel of Sam Spade, perhaps not the first "private eye" fiction but certainly one to have the strongest impact in the genre (previously filmed in '31 & '36 as *SATAN MET A LADY*). Not the typical hard-boiled detective meller at all, Humphrey Bogart launched to stardom as Spade in what has become a Film Hall of Fame classic. Greed and lust provide background for rich, colorful characterizations enacted by Peter Lorre as homo-type "sneak," Elisha Cook as a neurotic hook, and Sydney Greenstreet (in US debut) as the enigmatic, thirty-year-old Fat Man. Unusual for this type film especially at such a date, is the existential sense unnoticed until punch-like peak at the end. John Huston's first directorial attempt. Mary Astor, Gladys George, Barton MacLane, Jerome Cowan, Walter Huston.

**MAN AND THE MONSTER, THE (78 min.; AIP, 1956).** A must-see so unintentionally droll it's just about perfect. Somewhat above average for a Mexican would-be chiller, moderately imaginative set-ups and visuals serve to only intone deliciously hokey plot: famed concert musician turns into a werewolf, because of dread curse whenever proper time arrives while playing a Tchaikowski sonata on the piano. Rare jewel of its kind & great fun! Enrique Rambal, Abel Salazar.

**MAN CALLED FLINTSTONE, THE (90 min.; Col., 1966).** Excrucciating cartoon spinoff from uninspired Hanna-Barbera TV series set in "prehistoric" era. Cave man Fred Flintstone turns secret agent in Paris. Slatko "jokes" inept quickie-style Fat Man, atrociously timing, unimaginative as the TV show, times three. Color.

**MAN FROM 1997, THE (56 min.; NTA, 1957).** Fair of originally presented on WB's old KING'S ROW TV series. Polish immigrant uses amazing book which foretells future to obtain riches; is visited by man of the future. James Garner, Jacques Sernas, Charles Ruggles, Gloria Talbot.

**MAN FROM PLANET X, THE (70 min.; UA, 1951).** Effectively atmospheric but otherwise tranquil low-budget SF-with-message: alien from outer space is captured by scientists in foggy English marshland setting; but "enemy" isn't alien but a ruthless scientist who tries torture to gain supposedly pictorial information from the extraterrestrial. Mild but nice. Dir. Edgar G. Ulmer. Robert Clarke, Margaret Field, Raymond Bond, William Schallert.

**MAN HUNT (105 min.; Fox, 1941).** Geoffrey Household's excellent best-selling suspense novel adapted into exciting, unusual drama, as British big-game hunter is captured by scientists in foggy English marshland setting; but "enemy" isn't alien but a ruthless scientist who tries torture to gain supposedly pictorial information from the extraterrestrial. Mild but nice. Dir. Edgar G. Ulmer. Robert Clarke, Margaret Field, Raymond Bond, William Schallert.

**MAN IN BLACK, THE (80 min.; Eros, 1950).** Modest, unpretentious, underrated and elusive British low-budget of occult detective who simulates death to uncover wrongs; he ends up eerily evaporating as a "spirit" himself. Moody and offbeat with fine performance by shamefully neglected Valentine Dyall. Betty Ann Davies.

**MAN IN HALF-MOON STREET, THE** (92 min.; Par., 1945). Nils Asther as, more or less, 120 years old scientist who regenerates youth by organ transplants from victims. Trying to undo his sordid past, Scotland Yard and love prove his undoing. Balance between horror mood and a philosophy on life creates charming, offbeat dichotomy. Based on Barre Lyndon's play, still not quite as stimulating as Hammer's heavier remake, **THE MAN WHO COULD CHEAT DEATH**. Helen Walker, Reinhold Schunzel, Brandon Hurst.

**MAN IN OUTER SPACE** (85 min.; AIP, 1962). Satirical Czech SF-comedy, shown at Trieste, cut down and released directly to TV. Upholsterer inches himself into space by accident, returns to changed Earth in 2447. Version ruined by awful dubbed dialogue and typically stupid "adaptation" of original widescreen format to fit standard TV screens. Milos Kopecky, Radevan Luavsky.

**MAN IN THE IRON MASK, THE** (110 min.; UA, 1939). Now middle-aged, The 3 Musketeers return in gusto, lively filmization of Dumas' classic adventure of Louis XIV. who imprisons twin brother Louis Hayward (in dual role) in the Bastille with iron mask over his head. Done on a B-budget, James Whale's phenomenal expertise creates a glossy Class-A quality which presciently idiotic studio management should be forced to study. This also marked nadir of Warren Williams' career (playing D'Artagnan) who a year earlier lost the Sherlock Holmes plum-role to Rathbone; Williams died several years later. Alan Hale, Joseph Schildkraut, Joan Bennett, Dwight Frye, Montagu Love.

**MAN IN THE TRUNK, THE** (70 min.; Fox, 1942). Murdered bookie's ghost returns to find his killer in silly comedy-fantasy; cheap little B time-killer. J. Carroll Nash, Raymond Walburn, Lynn Roberts.

**MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT, THE** (86 min.; Univ., 1952). In the inimitable, best British comedy tradition, Scientist Alec Guinness invents miracle fabric that won't wear out, causing hysteria throughout business world. Screenplay nominated for '52 Academy Award; fine direction by Alexander MacKendrick; excellent cast. Joan Greenwood, Michael Gough, Ernest Thesiger, Cecil Parker.

**MAN MADE MONSTER** (59 min.; Univ., 1941). Typical B thriller. Scientist Lionel Atwill gradually transforms affable Lon Chaney into electrically charged monster by stages; quite interesting character development subtly created. Notable as Chaney's first monster role, which he handles in usual sympathetic style. Well-made within its framework, with neat production and performances. Ann Nagel, Frank Albertson. (Also titled **ATOMIC MONSTER** in post-'45 reissue.)

**MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES, THE** (122 min.; Univ., 1957). Not wholly successful but still very fascinating biopic of Lon Chaney Sr., with James Cagney superb as Chaney. Some perfectly observed glimpses into the more outer aspects of Chaney; effective if not utterly accurate dramatic—fair re-enactments of **PHANTOM**, **HUNCHBACK** and **MIRACLE MAN**, one or two "in" bits. Fine performance by Robert Evans (now head of Par.) as Irving Thalberg. Script: R. Wright Campbell, Ivan Goff. Starring: Dorothy Malone, Jane Greer, Jim Backus, Roger Smith, Celia Lovsky. Cinemascope.

**MAN OF EVIL** (90 min.; Rank, 1948). James Mason in type of role that characterized him in the Forties as specialist of suave, cold, vicious Hyde-like cruelty. Elaborate costume, while over-talky and heavy-handed at times, holds attention all the way thanks to Mason's portrayal of domineering egomaniac who cruelly intimidates people to "dance" when they hear his tune. Dir. Anthony Asquith; Stewart Granger, Wilfrid Lawson, Phyllis Calvert, Jean Kent.

**MAN THEY COULDN'T HANG, THE** (72 min.; Col., 1939). Forerunner of Columbia's Mad Doctor series, all made from what Boris Karloff considered "a hell of a good formula," which he found studio exec's reluctant to alter in any way film after film. Kindly inventor of mechanical heart is convicted of murder when The Experiment goes awry thanks to interruption of typically bullheaded fuzz; returning after execution via his invention, he kills the 12 jurors, etc. By now either painfully familiar or endearingly nostalgic, depending upon individual dedication to B films or dissatisfaction with H-wood multi-million dollar boredom. As usual, Karloff's performance is A-plus factor. Dir. Nick Grinde; Roger Pryor, Lorna Gray, Robert Wilcox, Don Seddo.

**MAN WHO COULD CHEAT DEATH, THE** (83 min.; Par., 1959). Eschewing heavy sentiment and romance element of orig., **THE MAN IN HALF MOON STREET**, Hammer's re-make is in moodier Victorian period whereas orig. was in modern dress; but this one's livelier, sensational under topnotch Hammer treatment with characteristic fine performances. Particularly Anton Diffring as lead. Dir. Anthony Fisher. Hazel Court, Chris Lee, Arnold Marie, Delphi Lawrence.

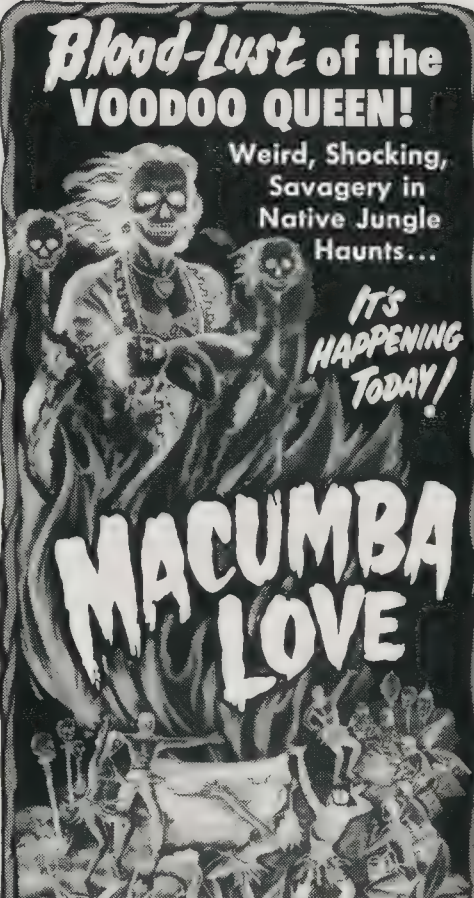
**MAN WHO COULD WORK MIRACLES, THE** (82 min.; UA, 1937). Gods above commune in heavens (one barely identifiable as George Sanders) and bestow on ordinary mortal Roland Young full powers to have anything he wishes. Based on H.G. Wells' marvelous fantasy short, film's timeless and never-establishment quality is lightly handled without dominating witty dialogue, charming British atmosphere which, combined with splendid special fx, makes this into one of the best of its kind. A truly original film classic! Dir. Lothar Mendes. Cast: Richard Gordon, George Zucco, Bernard Nedell, Ernest Thesiger, Joan Gardner.

**MAN WHO DIED TWICE, THE** (70 min.; Rep., 1958). Vera Ralston's (Mrs. Herbert J. Yates) last film a misleading bomb attempt to capitalize via shifty title on horror fan market; otherwise, labored, ordinary crime meller with Rod Cameron, Mike Mazurski, Don Megowan.

**MAN WHO LIVED AGAIN, THE** (80 min.; Brit.Gaumont, 1936). Hard-to-locate but generally routine mad Doctor Boris Karloff plot, but as usual distinguished by the one-and-only's performance as seen actively transplanting brains from one place to another. Good cast and performances uplift. What might have easily been US disaster In British production under able dir. Robert Stevenson. (Also re-titled as **DR. MANIAC**, **THE BRAIN SNATCHER**, and **MAN WHO CHANGED HIS MIND**.) John Loder, Cecil Parker, Anna Lee.

**MAN WHO LIVED TWICE, THE** (73 min.; Col., 1936). Fascinating marginal melodrama about criminal undersgoing operation which not only changes his face but gives him amnesia as well, posing question: Is the "new" mind guilty of crimes of the old? Would have been more effective if ending came about two minutes earlier. Dir. Harry Lachman; Ralph Bellamy, Marian Marsh, Thurston Hall, Ward Bond, Isabel Jewett.

**MAN WHO TURNED TO STONE, THE** (71 min.; Col., 1957). Several fine performers (Victor Jory, Paul Cavanaugh) wasted in illiterate horror of retard level. Attempts to restore life, etc. See it only if a complete fanatic, and then remember how CoF warned you. Ann Doran, William Hudson.



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Native Jungle  
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**JUNE WILKINSON**

Produced and Directed by  
**DOUGLAS FOWLEY** music by  
**SIMONETTI**

THRILL TO THE DEMON-RITES  
OF THE WITCH GODDESS

VOODOO VENGEANCE

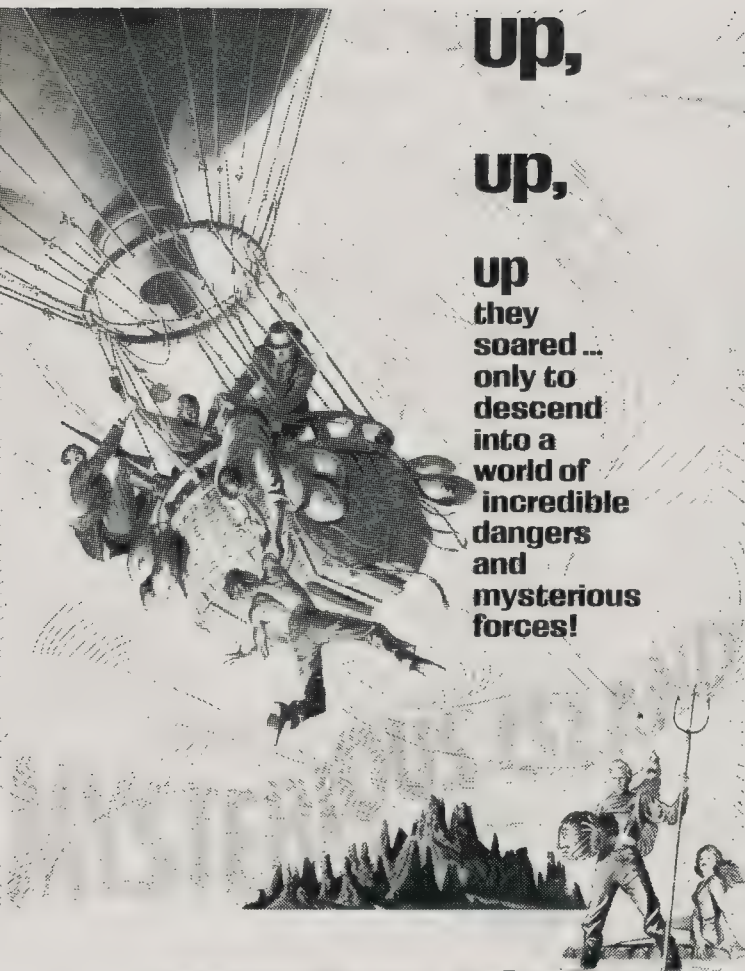
BONGOS OF CAIBE

HYPNOTIC FRENZY

THE UNBELIEVER

Released thru United Artists





**up,  
up,  
up  
they  
soared...  
only to  
descend  
into a  
world of  
incredible  
dangers  
and  
mysterious  
forces!**

## mysterious island

in Eastman **COLOR**

Columbia Pictures presents  
a Charles H. Schneer production in **Superdynamation** starring **Michael Craig • Joan Greenwood • Michael Callan**  
Gary Merrill • Beth Rogan and Herbert Lom as Captain Nemo, John Prebble, Daniel Ullman and Crane Wilbur  
SCREENPLAY BY JAMES V. HOGAN  
BASED ON A NOVEL BY JULES VERNE  
DIRECTED BY ROY ROYAL



**MANIA** — See **THE FLESH AND THE FIENDS**.

**MANIAC, THE** (87 min; Hammer, 1963). Skeletal but potentially powerful Jimmy Sangster script is muddled by trowel-like Michael Carreras direction. Madman Donald Houston escapes asylum and menaces unfaithful wife and her lover with blowtorch. Some worthwhile portions nevertheless. Kerwin Mathews, Nadia Gray, Liliane Brousse. **Hammerscope**.

**MAN WHO WAGGED HIS TAIL, THE** (91 min; Cont., 1957). Whimsical, amusing Spanish-Italian fantasy about mean Brooklyn landlord turned into a dog for his sins. Ruined by poor English dubbing. Indiscriminate cutting done for TV. Original form very charming and engaging. Dir. Ladislao Vajda; Peter Ustinov, Pablito Calvo, Caligola.

**MAN WITH NINE LIVES, THE** (73 min; Col., 1939). Another in Columbia's dramatically routine but scientifically prophetic Mad Doctor series. Dr. Kravall (Boris Karloff) experiments with "frozen sleep" as cancer cure, plans to put the freeze on Roger Pryor and Joanne Sayers in the cause of science. Chilly drama.

**MAN WITH TWO LIVES, THE** (65 min; Mono., 1942). Restored to life after an accident, man comes over by executed gangster's soul. Better premise than usual for Monogram, but otherwise you know what it's like. Edward Norris, Eleanor Dawson.

**MAN WITHOUT A BODY, THE** (83 min; Col., 1957). Dull, British-made s'fer. Scientists keep alive the head of Nostradamus by setting it on a table and sucking wires in it. George Coulouris, Robert Hutton, Julia Arnall.

**MANBEAST** (72 min; ADP, 1956). Amateurish grade-B Jerry Warren prod., from 'way back when he didn't construct pictures around foreign-made inserts. Expedition searches Himalayas for Abominable Snowman but only comes up with Abominal Ache. "Monsters" and "acting" must be seen to be disbelieved, including some of the campiest dialogue ever. Nice story idea, though—some day someone's going to make a movie out of it. Rock Madison (snicker), Virginia Maynor (double snicker!), Lloyd Nelson.

**MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE, THE** (126 min; UA, 1962). Brilliant John Frankenheimer-George Axelrod film of Richard Condon's novel of brainwashing and political assassination has become a cult favorite in light of subsequent actual developments. Now more bizarre and far-out; tightly constructed, well played and damned engrossing! A must, but beware TV cuts. Frank Sinatra, Lawrence Harvey, Angela Lansbury, Janet Leigh, James Gregory, Henry Silva, John McGiver, Khlich Dhiegh, James Edwards, Lloyd Corrigan, Madame Spivy.

**MANFISH** (76 min; UA, 1956). Lon Chaney and Victor Jory team up to find out pirate treasure in B adventure loosely based on "The Gold Bug" and "Tall Tale Heart." Had potential, but mostly flitted away by bad direction. John Bromfield, Barbara Nichols. **Color**.

**MANSTER, THE** (71 min; Lopert, 1962). Weird, grotesque but quite crude Brit-Japanese horror. Mad Nippon scientist makes reporter drink a syrum causing him to grow a papier-mache head from his right shoulder. At best strange; at worst, simply awful. Peter Dinkley, Jane Hylton, Satoshi Nakamura. Dir. by former child actor George Breakston (NO GREATER GLORY).

**MAN WHO TURNED TO STONE, THE** (71 min; Col., 1957). Unfortunately, not The Confessions of A Speed Freak; just about mad doctor's experiments going awry and getting him deeper in trouble. But, so bad that it's almost good, though no **ROBOT MONSTER**, alas. Victor Jory, Ann Doran, William Hudson.

**MAN WHO WOULDN'T DIE, THE** (65 min; Fox, 1942). Sole fantasy-like entry in grade-B Michael Shayne detective series has a dead man returning to confound

(cont. on page 60)

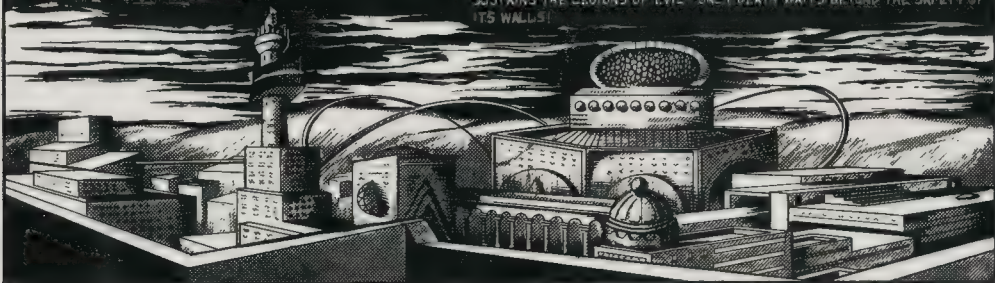
# HENRICH KLEY





# PROLOGUE:-

THE HAVEN ... MANKIND'S LAST ENCLAVE ON AN EARTH WHOSE SURFACE NOW SUSTAINS THE LEGIONS OF EVIL. ONLY DEATH WAITS BEYOND THE SAFETY OF ITS WALLS!



FOR DURING THIS DISTANT AGE, MUTATED MONSTERS, SPAWNED FROM THE EVILS OF ANCIENT ATOMIC WARFARE, ROAM THE WASTELANDS OF THE WORLD! SONS OF THE DEVIL ARE THEY! NOW THEY HUNT THE STRAGGLING BANDS OF HUMANS BEYOND THE SAFETY OF THE HAVEN... SOON... THEY WILL RAVAGE THE HAVEN ITSELF!



INSIDE THE HAVEN, THE MONARCH, G' HAD, ADDRESSES HIS PEOPLE!

MY CHILDREN... WE WHO DWELL WITHIN THE HAVEN HAVE THIS DAY SEEN THE TIME FINALLY COME TO PASS WHEN THE AGENT GOES FORTH! THAT WHICH HAS BEEN FORETOLD IN THE ANCIENT BOOKS IS NOW A REALITY!

I STAND BEFORE YOU TODAY, AN OLD MAN... BUT I WAS NOT SO OLD THE MANY YEARS AGO WHEN PREPARATIONS FOR THIS, THE GREATEST MISSION OF MANKIND WAS FIRST BEGUN! WHEN WE, WHO WERE THE FATHERS OF THE HAVEN, RESOLVED TO RETREAT NO MORE, AND TO TAKE STEPS TO BRING AT LAST AN END TO THE HORRORS THAT STALK THE SURFACE OF THE WORLD THAT WAS ONCE OUR HOME!



WITHIN THE HOUR, THIS AGENT, THIS THING THAT WE HAVE MADE, THIS MAGNIFICENT BEING WILL EMBARK AND WE SHALL HUMBLY PRAY FOR THE SUCCESS OF HIS MISSION!

WITH THE AID OF OUR SCIENCE, WE HAVE GIVEN HIM GREAT GIFTS! IMMORTALITY AND PHYSICAL FLIGHT! TELEPATHY AND THE POWER OF MIND OVER MATTER! WE HAVE TAKEN HIM AND TRAINED HIM SINCE HE WAS AN INFANT... TRAINED HIM TO BE OUR CHAMPION IN THIS... MANKIND'S DARKEST HOUR! WE HAVE GIVEN HIM THE ABILITY TO TRANSPORT HIS MIND AND BODY THROUGH THE VERY BARRIERS OF TIME ITSELF! AND THIS DAY, WE PRONOUNCE HIM READY, AND THIS DAY, WE SEND HIM FORTH!

OUT OF THE HAVEN, AND BACK THROUGH THE MISTS OF TIME TO SEEK OUT THE ORIGIN OF THE ESSENCE OF EVIL... THE EVIL THAT HAS TAKEN PHYSICAL FORM AND THREATENS THE DAYS OF MANKIND ON EARTH! WE SEND HIM FORTH! OUR CHAMPION, OUR HERO, OUR AGENT IN THE AGES OF THE PAST! THIS MAN, MORE THAN A MAN, WHOM THE ARCHIVES RECORD AS... AGENT-L!







IT IS THE FAR-DISTANT FUTURE! ATOMIC WARS OF AGES PAST HAD FINALLY BEEN THE CATALYST BETWEEN THE EVIL MONSTERS OF ANCIENT LEGEND AND THEIR MUTATED MANIFESTATIONS INTO REALITY... AS IF THOSE MYTHS HAD HAUNTED THE CORRIDORS OF MAN'S PSYCHE THROUGH GENERATIONS ON GENERATIONS IN UNCANNY PREMONITION OF THE DAY WHEN THE MEAK WOULD INDEED INHERIT THE EARTH ---- IN CONSTANT PERIL OF THE THINGS WHO HUNGER AFTER THE MEAK!

COME ALONG NOW, AS MANKIND'S LAST HOPE RACES DOWN THE LABYRINTH OF TIME ON A LITTLE FLIGHT OF FANTASY! CALL



GUS ST. ANTHONY

THE  
AGENT



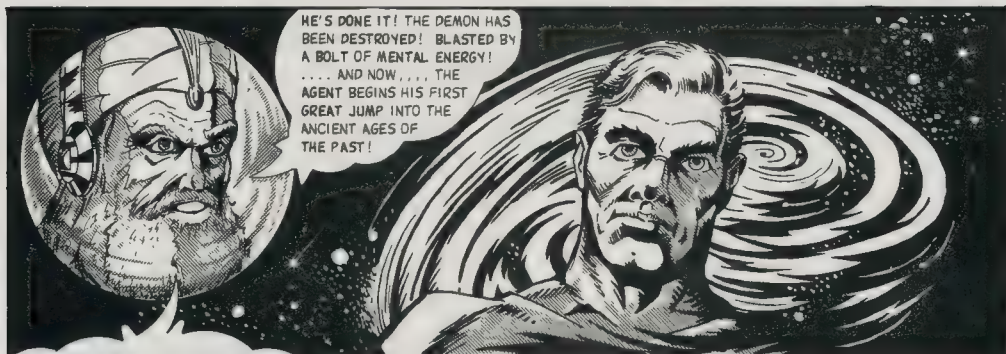
DURING THE ENTIRE COURSE OF THIS MISSION I WILL REMAIN AT THIS STATION . . . KEEPING IN PSYCHIC COMMUNICATION WITH AGENT-L AND BROADCASTING HIS PROGRESS TO YOU - THE PEOPLE OF THE HAVEN!

HE IS ALOFT! HE IS IN NETHER TIME! AND NOW . . . THE AGES ARE AN OPEN DOOR TO HIM!

NOW --- MORE THAN A HUNDRED YEARS IN THE PAST --- THE AGENT IS READY TO TEST HIS SKILL. HE HAS FOUND A MUTANT --- A MONSTER TO KILL!!







HE'S DONE IT! THE DEMON HAS  
BEEN DESTROYED! BLASTED BY  
A BOLT OF MENTAL ENERGY!  
... AND NOW ... THE  
AGENT BEGINS HIS FIRST  
GREAT JUMP INTO THE  
ANCIENT AGES OF  
THE PAST!

HE IS ENTERING THE DEMISE OF THE ATOMIC  
AGE! THE TIME WHEN EARTH BROILED IN A  
SEETHING MIST OF BURNING RADIATION! THE  
POISON OF ANCIENT MAN'S WEAPONS OF WAR  
IS EVERYWHERE! ... THE VERY POISON WHICH  
MINGLED WITH THE LATENT EVIL OF KILLER MAN  
AND GAVE IT SUBSTANCE IN THE FORM OF THE  
LIVING HORRORS WHICH STALK OUR WORLD TODAY!



WAR! IT IS TRUE!  
BEFORE THE PURGATION  
OF THE NUCLEAR HOLOCAUST  
THE SPIRIT OF EVIL EXISTED  
IN MAN, HIMSELF!



... AND BACK ...  
BEFORE THE TIME OF  
THE NUCLEAR BOMBS!



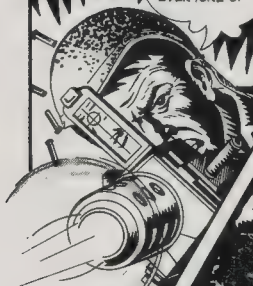
WATCH IT, CHARLIE!  
LASER CANNON AHEAD!





OUR AGENT IS EXPLORING THE MAZE OF  
WARRING ERAS.... I SENSE A PSYCHIC  
DISTURBANCE.... SOMETHING  
IS AWRY!

DIRTY ROTTEN GOOKS! I'LL  
KILL YA! I'LL KILL  
EVERYONE OF YA!



RATATATATAT

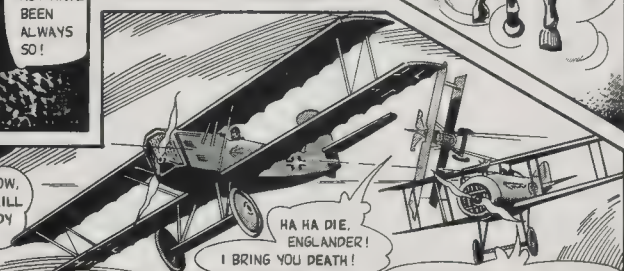


MADNESS! IN  
EVERY AGE, IT IS THE SAME!  
THEY ARE POSSESSED BY THE  
SPIRIT OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION!  
I MUST SEEK FURTHER... IT CAN  
NOT HAVE  
BEEN  
ALWAYS  
SO!

# KILL THE SAXONS KILL KILL



GOOD SHOW,  
ROGER, KILL  
THE RUDDY  
DOG!



HA HA DIE,  
ENGLANDER!  
I BRING YOU DEATH!

FILTHY BOCHE, I'LL KILL YOU!



FOOLS! DID YOU THINK WE WOULD  
FEED AND TEND TO PRISONERS ALL  
THE WAY BACK TO THE CAMP OF THE  
GREAT KHAN?



TAKE  
NO  
PRISONERS.  
KILL  
THE  
LOT!



LET THE ARENA FLOW WITH BLOOD!  
SLAUGHTER THE CHRISTIANS!

THE MISSION HAS FAILED! AGENT-L HAS BECOME SICK! WE HAVE CREATED AN IMMORTAL, NOW, MENTALLY DERANGED!

WE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN! IN TRAVELLING THROUGH TIME, HE HAD TO PASS THROUGH THE AGE OF RADIO-ACTIVE CONTAMINATION! IT COULD NOT KILL HIM, BUT IT PERMANENTLY AFFECTED HIS BRAIN!



MADNESS! G'HAD WAS A FOOL TO ATTEMPT TO CHANGE THE COURSE OF DESTINY! IT IS ONLY JUST! MAN-KIND DESERVES TO FALL INTO THE HUNGRY HANDS OF THE MUTATED DEMONS! THEY ARE OF HIS MAKING... THEY ARE THE HARVEST OF THE SEEDS HE HAS SOWN THROUGHOUT HIS ENTIRE HISTORY!

I SHALL GO BACK TO THE VERY FIRST HUMANS ON THE FACE OF THIS EARTH...HEEEEE... IN THE GUISE OF SOMETHING THEY ARE SURE TO ACCEPT, A SERPENT! WITH MY POWERS I SHALL GUIDE THEM... LEAD THEM THROUGH THE AGES TO THE FINAL DESTRUCTION THEY SO JUSTLY DESERVE!!!



ART THOU AN ANGEL IN DISGUISE, THAT THOU MAY SPEAK TO ME?

THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE MIGHTY G'HAD WHO DWELLS IN THE HAVEN AT THE END OF TIME!

YOU ARE NOT AFRAID, THAT IS WELL, MY LOVELY! FOR I SHALL IMPART TO YOU GREAT WISDOM!

THINK! MY DEAR, I CAN GIVE TO YOU THE TOTAL LEARNING OF ALL OF MANKIND TO THE END OF TIME! WISDOM! TO SHARE WITH YOUR MATE! AND POWER! TO BECOME INDEPENDENT OF THIS WILDERNESS!



AND YOU SHALL HAVE CHILDREN! YES! AND SHALL CALL THEM CAIN AND ABEL! AND TO ABEL I WILL TEACH THE ART OF BRINGING FORTH FOOD FROM THE EARTH! AND TO CAIN... AH! TO CAIN I SHALL SET THE PRECEDENT, THAT BY HIS EXAMPLE, MANKIND MAY FOLLOW AND AFTER HIS FASHION, LIVE OUT ALL OF THEIR DAYS ON EARTH!



THE BEGINNING!

IT IS OVER! THE MISSION IS ABORTED AND AGENT-L HAS TURNED INTO A GREATER THREAT TO MANKIND THAN EVER THE DEMONS WERE!

WHO WAS THIS MAN, OH G'HAD? WHO WAS THIS HERO TO WHOM WE GAVE SUCH AWESOME POWER?



A CHILD, ENTRUSTED TO US BY CHANCE! AS A BABE, HIS PARENTS CALLED HIM **LUCIFER!**

SOME AGENT! SEEMS LIKE MANKIND NEVER HAD A DEVIL OF A CHANCE! STILL... MAYBE IF THEY WOULD HAVE OFFERED HIM A STANDARD TEN PERCENT...





nullified; congressmen and senators in large numbers giving the shaft to the AgNix Axis and stalemating some of its absurd program and pogrom plans; monstrous religious fanatic Dr. Carl McIntire's failure to attract even 5,000 fascist types and know-nothings to the Pro-War-AgNix Counter Peace Demonstration, shortly after half a million activists and demonstrators had gone (as if by some Divine Providence: on the day the Pro-War group showed the weather changed, clouds grayed ominously and copiously did weep).

And the last shall come first. For it was once wisely prophesied, *Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth.*

## RIP-OFFS, INC.

Meanwhile, back at the Ranch. . . Nixon's attained new distinction and has evolved into the quintessential Philistine. While he was in the vanguard of witch-hunts and blacklists against Hollywood actors, writers and directors in the late Forties and early Fifties, Nixon wielded an axe that helped to maim & destroy the reputations and careers of scores of highly talented and creative people such as Dalton Trumbo (author of probably the greatest anti-war horror story, "Johnny Got His Gun," and recently completed as a film), Herbert Biberman and his wife Gale Sondergaard, Abe Burrows, Morris Carnovsky, Dorothy Comins (the "Susan Alexander" of CITIZEN KANE), Howard DaSilva, Jules Dassin (dir. RIFFIFI, NEVER ON SUNDAY, etc.), Lillian Helman and Ring Lardner, Jr., to name a few.

That many of these creative people represented a vital nucleus of intelligence, badly needed by filmmakers at any time, didn't matter. What was then important to Nixon and HUAC was that "typical" blacklists didn't personify their totalitarian standards of "clean-cut" Americanism because of "leftist thinking," one-time communist affiliations and their right to dissent.

What is frightening is that these 1940-style persecutions and horrors of 20-odd years ago are generally unknown by a great bulk of younger people. 20 to 24 years ago (the investigations into leftist "thinking" and "unAmericanism began in '47) could seem like ancient history and the forgotten past to those who are now 35 years old, and even more ancient yet for those under 28.

But the past is inextricably entwined with the present, except for the manipulated masses who are kept from being made aware under programmed arrested development and chronic insecurity. Many of the evildoers, responsible for sordidness in the past and for laying down the ground rules that have raped and pillaged our planet, are still very much alive though older—and holding greater power.

A brilliant analysis chronicling the above-mentioned atrocities is excellently presented in the new, special issue of *Jonas Mekas' FILM CULTURE* (no. 50-51 combined).

This giant issue is devoted to "Hollywood On Trial—Report On Blacklisting" etc. As a must, it should be ordered by all who are interested in the film world and the socio-political issues which have affected it. The price is \$2.00 for this issue, or \$4 for a four-issue subscription from: *FILM CULTURE*, GPO Box 1499, New York, N.Y. 10001.

From witch-hunting and character assassination in the late Forties, Nixon now dons his laurels as arch-Philistine and wears them well by his virtual recognition of Red China today. The reason: nearly all leading nations have officially recognized and done business with Mao's government for many years. And maybe there's a *buck* to be made with one-fourth of the earth's population!

## WELFARE & INTEGRATION FRAUD

Rip-offs head a variety of depravities, mostly by-products of The System. Fundamentally, they include:

The raping of our planet by the Big, Bad Guys. The butchering of innocents and draftees (i.e. CBS-TV's "The Selling of the Pentagon") sent into killing foreigners. . . all for the sake of a deranged, monstrously huge corporate set-up too degenerate and retarded to innovate other means of "making money."

The entrapment and seduction of the masses is well-planned by The System and its depraved flunkies: the mental perverts and pseudo-liberals who continue encouraging civilization's ruin and the destruction of the Western world's great cities by subsidizing and defending insane urban Welfare Programs, but never militating for the creation of a National Welfare project which would really help the poor and disenfranchised.

Nothing dramatizes more the greatness of a city (and why they're worth saving even at the risk of one's life) than by comparing them with the sterile monotony of most average, far reaching suburbs sprawling throughout the nation.

Long-winded descriptions and reasons are unnecessary, because they're obvious:

Suburban America has become a vast middle-class, uncommunicating compound—a huge ghetto where the loneliness and alienation and latent prejudices are incredible. Farms, natural surroundings and ecology are supreme and should be defended and preserved even by extreme activism of the most militant form, if our planet is to survive. On the other hand, man isn't only a vegetable, and we have derived the most happiness and security from the great creations and achievements of civilization, from the presence of one's fellow men (misanthropes, etc. notwithstanding), and from the tremendous vitality and interaction that normally is found only in the greatest by-product of world civilization after thousands of years of hard work: The City!

The sheer horror that the System has brought about is this disease of pseudo-urban Welfare that's very profitably engineering the ruin of cities and the fraud called Integration which masks a host of evil deceptions.

Welfare and Integration have yet to undergo a thorough investigation as one of the most heinous conspiracies ever perpetrated by the architects of the Mass Rip-Off Movement. But it's all there for studying, though overlooked for lack of intelligence or for being a "taboo" issue.

A National Welfare Program could have been created ages ago, but wasn't because The System realized way back it would be highly unprofitable for them if provincial Colonialism were to end and if a strong, healthy middle-class were to develop among poor whites and non-whites, which would happen if honest Welfare was organized to treat social problems on a sane grass-roots level.

Thus ensued the biggest rip-off:

Luring in lower-economy groups, particularly non-whites, into the big cities on the false premise that not only Integration was "to be found" and readily available, but that Welfare would relieve most problems "overnight", particularly if "good jobs" were un-

available (which they are) because of one's color, race, etc. Never mentioned, though, was that lack of training and education are vital in getting "good jobs," and that opportunities to gain an education and training were as poor, if not worse, in city ghetto areas!

Exchanging sub-standard living conditions of the Sunny Islands and countryside of the South, the alienated and disenfranchised found another setting infinitely worse, sugarcated under "Integration and Welfare," with the following increment benefits:

The cancer of hard-drug addiction (a billion dollars a year-plus "industry," deeply rooted in ghetto entrapment).

Enlarging ghettos guaranteeing a perpetuation of poverty and illiteracy, thus perpetuating a self-contained urban colonialism where it's next to impossible for a middle-class to develop and get out from under. Here a cheap labor force is available for generations to come, drawn from city stockyard ghettos, though having no fences or barbed wire, they are concentration camps guaranteeing the lowest form of arrested development of its contents from people to gnawing rats, falling plaster and a shockingly low lifetime expectancy.

From the slums and ghettos a crime wave sweeps forth its tidal power, aggravated and inspired by subconscious hostilities harbored by the ripped-off benighted, who may have only a subliminal but nonetheless justifiable and instinctual gut-hatred for the forces bleeding them dead.

The middle-classes, once ensconced in The City, scream "Havoc!" and think they can flee to the safety of suburban Nirvanas, imagining that they're leaving the jungle behind, only to discover late some day that:

Now they are in their own ghetto, in hock as never before, right up to their mod-acrylic wigs. The American Auto Industry, so-called bastion of US Economy and traffic-accipion deaths, has more than quadrupled its sales in the last 15 years thanks to the Exodus from the cities.

More housing sold than ever before; more shopping centers; more gadgets for that "every other room and den" in suburbia, including tv sets, refrigerators, extra bathrooms and material values galore, and all in need of repair sooner than expected. Once the Big Sucker middle-class is hooked in suburbia, industries step-up pandering sales pitches; then finance companies and bank branches spread out like a plague, and *voula!*—the bulk of the country is hopelessly in debt (in the old days, though, they could actually save much money when they lived in and around cities and weren't mesmerized into over-buying).

All highly profitable. All as if they had planned it that way. . . including all the pollution, destruction of environment, growing drug addiction and wasted resources.

Attendant with the Big Rip-Off has come a gradual and fantastic deterioration of goods and services as they now take in more but invest less. Transportation and transit in and out of cities has become a horror; travel in most parts of the country without the good, ol' car is valuable time wasted and frustration beyond belief. Phones are in poor service, and a letter or parcel mailed from a town 15 miles away may take two weeks to arrive or an eternity.

The City meanwhile wails and cries out in despair. Mankind's thousands of years of endeavors are being demolished in less than several generations by an ignorant, rapacious System too retarded to develop intelligent insight.

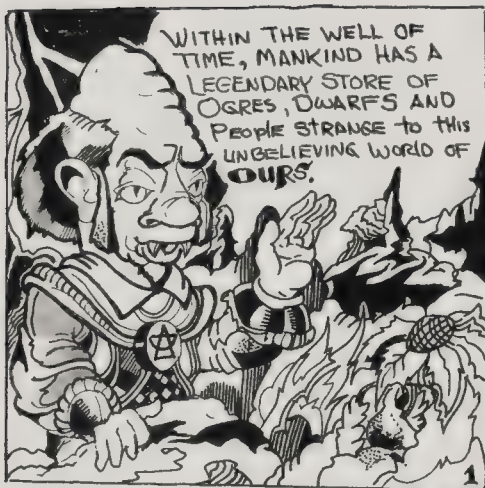
Perhaps little can be done right away to undo all this; but awareness of its origins and presence is a first and major step toward social reformation and the ending of a mighty colossal rip-off.

(cont. on page 62)

# THE MAGIC OF MEL LAYBOURN

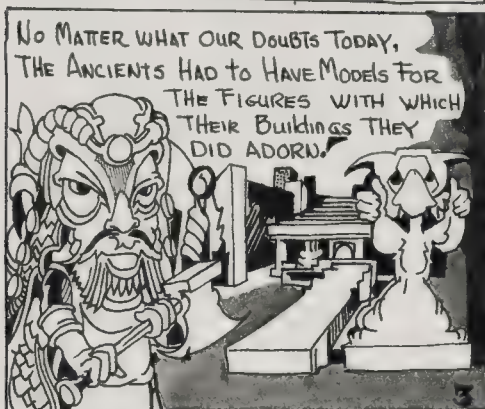






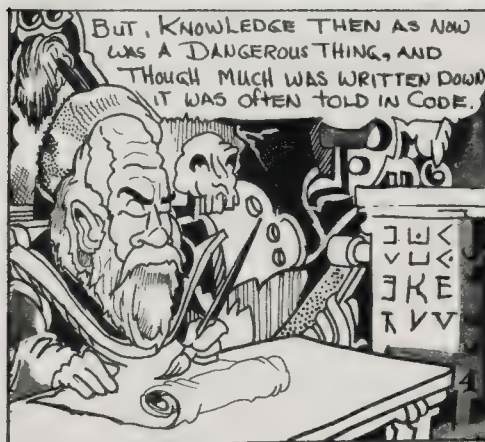
WITHIN THE WELL OF  
TIME, MANKIND HAS A  
LEGENDARY STORE OF  
OGRES, DWARFS AND  
PEOPLE STRANGE TO THIS  
UNBELIEVING WORLD OF  
OURS.

1



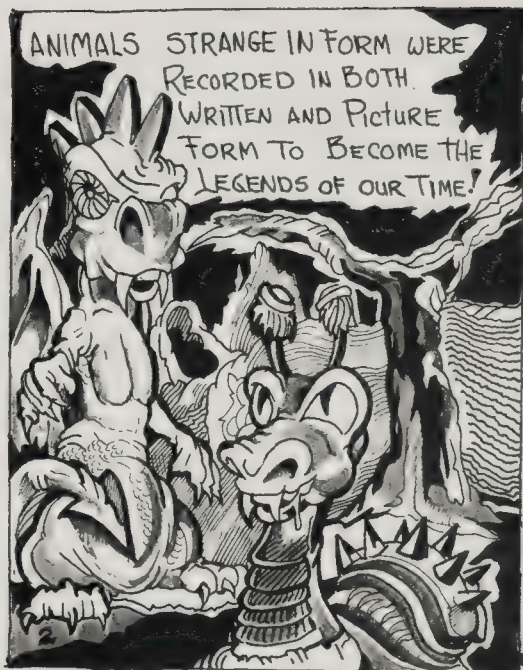
NO MATTER WHAT OUR DOUBTS TODAY,  
THE ANCIENTS HAD TO HAVE MODELS FOR  
THE FIGURES WITH WHICH  
THEIR BUILDINGS THEY  
DID ADORN.

2

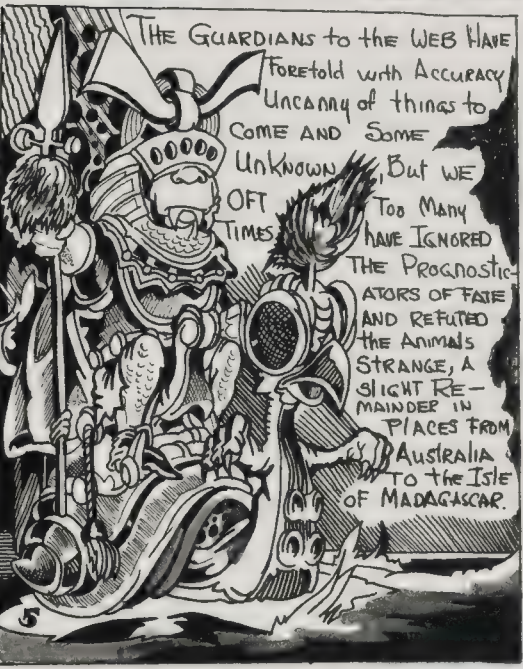


BUT, KNOWLEDGE THEN AS NOW  
WAS A DANGEROUS THING, AND  
THOUGH MUCH WAS WRITTEN DOWN  
IT WAS OFTEN TOLD IN CODE.

3




ANIMALS STRANGE IN FORM WERE  
RECORDED IN BOTH  
WRITTEN AND PICTURE  
FORM TO BECOME THE  
LEGENDS OF OUR TIME!



THE GUARDIANS TO THE WEB HAVE  
FORETOLD WITH ACCURACY  
UNCANNY OF THINGS TO  
COME AND SOME  
UNKNOWN, BUT WE  
OFT TIMES TOO MANY  
HAVE IGNORED  
THE PROGNOSTIC  
ATORS OF FATE  
AND REFUTED  
THE ANIMALS  
STRANGE, A  
SLIGHT RE-  
MAINDER IN  
PLACES FROM  
AUSTRALIA  
TO THE ISLE  
OF MADAGASCAR.

5



MYTHICAL  
WARRIORS  
GUARD the  
World of  
Fantasy and  
Fact from Each  
OTHER, though  
Not Always a  
Success.

IN TIMES most ANCIENT the  
TROUBADOR and MINSTREL  
PROLONGED the FACTUAL  
TELLING of TALES!

THE ONLY ONES  
WHO CAN LIVE IN  
BOTH WORLDS  
WITH THE POWER  
OF INNOCENT  
IMAGINATION  
ARE YOUNG PEOPLE

The Tales Imaginative  
Horror are Fun To  
Some and Terror  
To Others

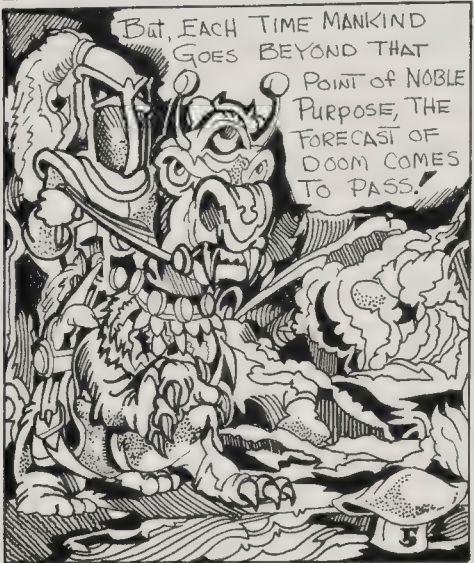


KNOWLEDGE DEEP HAS BEEN  
DECLARED A FORBIDDEN  
KNOWLEDGE FOR MUCH  
OF MANKIND  
BEYOND HIS OWN  
UNSEEING  
WORLD.

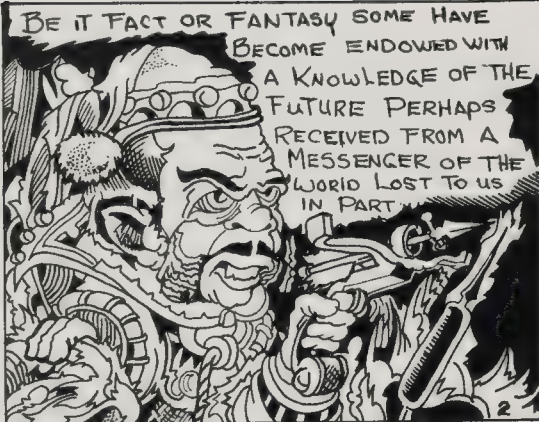


SOME WERE SCORND AND DEFAMED,  
BUT STILL OTHERS LIKE NOSTRADAMUS  
AND OTHERS OF EQUAL FAME TOLD  
OF THINGS TO COME, EVEN FROM  
THE GRAVE WERE PROVEN RIGHT  
WHEN IN THE GRAVE WAS FOUND A DATE.

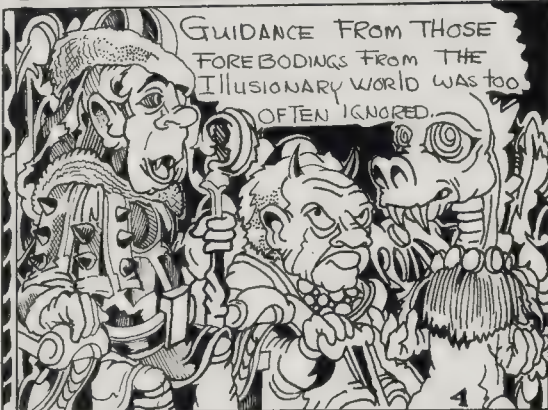
BUT, EACH TIME MANKIND  
GOES BEYOND THAT  
POINT OF NOBLE  
PURPOSE, THE  
FORECAST OF  
DOOM COMES  
TO PASS.



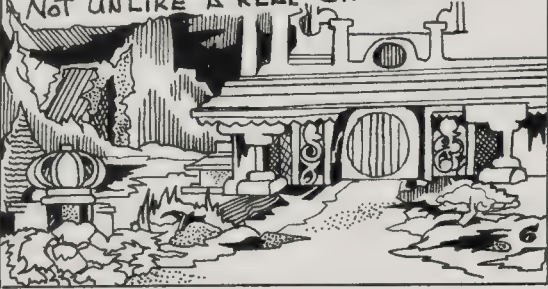
BE IT FACT OR FANTASY SOME HAVE  
BECOME ENDOWED WITH  
A KNOWLEDGE OF THE  
FUTURE PERHAPS  
RECEIVED FROM A  
MESSENGER OF THE  
WORLD LOST TO US  
IN PART.



GUIDANCE FROM THOSE  
FOREBODINGS FROM THE  
ILLUSIONARY WORLD WAS TOO  
OFTEN IGNORED.



SO THE GHOSTIES AND THE GHOULIES  
ARE BUT MESSENGERS AND WATCHERS  
TO JUDGE THE FATE OF THOSE IN WHOM  
THE TRUE FAITH OF MANKIND LIES!  
THEIR ABODE IS A WONDEROUS PLACE  
NOT UNLIKE A REAL SHANGRI-LA!



# SCIENCE FICTION FANTASY



With the economy in a recession and major film companies cutting back in both personnel and production, auctioning props and reissuing films, the entire motion picture industry is indeed in dire straits. The most promising news for the fantasy fan and fanatic does not concern the silver screen, but the "glass teat," as Harlan Ellison so aptly puts it.

Rod Serling's supernatural tv series has been given the NBC green light as a regular weekly show this fall. Six episodes were seen last season as part of the *FOUR IN ONE* pilot show. When *NIGHT GALLERY* returns, it's possible that some scripts will come from established fantasy writers, as Serling has previously stated, "There's not enough money in the world to make a guy over forty (he's forty-seven) go through the grind of a weekly series." Previously Serling has kept busy making some heavy coin with a multitude of tv commercials and narrating documentaries. "The only reason I do it is for the buck. There's no creative kick or because there's some ham in me. It's easy work, that's all." Serling does have some strict standards as he nixes cigarette and patent medicine spils.

Currently, keep on the lookout for a repeat this summer of "They're Tearing Down Tim Riley's Bar," an excellent *NIGHT GALLERY* episode employing a familiar Serling theme: a protagonist transcending time while attempting to recapture his lost youth.

Vincent Price will take time off from cooking, commercials and creeping through AIPlots for a college lecture tour. The subject will be "The Villain Still Pursues Me"—anecdotes on horror films included. His latest is AIP's *DR. PHIBES* with Joseph Cotton and Peter Cushing. (For really good *PHIBES* they shoulda added the Beach Boys...).....Cotton has also been picked for *MADAME*



Scene from "Il Trono Di Fuoco" (Throne of Fire) by Spanish director Jess Franco, who again shows his predilection for horror and suspense in a film dealing with the violent days of the Inquisition in which Christopher plays the Grand Inquisitor looking on as a formidable cast of witches.

*FRANKENSTEIN*, which isn't about Women's Liberation..... Peter Cushing recently withdrew from Hammer's *BLOOD FROM THE MUMMY'S TOMB* due to his wife's death. Andrew Keir will replace him. Seth Holt, the director, also died while the film was in progress. Hammer claims this will be the first film in which a Hammer hero is killed off. Worth reading is recent *FILMS IN REVIEW* article, "The Horror of Hammer.".....Watch for *ALL HOLLOW'S EVE*, *EASY VAMPIRE*, *WHO'S AFRAID OF THE BIG BAD WEREWOLF*, *SIMON-KING OF THE WITCHES*, *DRACULA'S CASTLE OR WILL THE REAL COUNT DRACULA STAND UP?* and *THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS*.....Columbia will release *HELP, HELP, THE GLOBOLINKS*, a musical produced by Ray Stark of *FUNNY GIRL* fame. Globolinks are space creatures who invade the earth making electronic sounds.....Alfred Hitchcock is back at Universal with *FRENZY*, which might recreate the impact and boxoffice appeal of *PSYCHO*. It's from a novel published 12 years ago about a multiple murderer.....Curtis Harrington (*NIGHTTIDE*) will produce *CADAVER* from his own screenplay.....Bert I. Gordon (*VILLAGE OF THE GIANTS*), whose most recent films were in the sex genre, returns to fantasy with *TOY*





Above: Buika-Osler in Barati's **TRAP**, shown earlier in the year in the Fantasy and Terror Festival at Sitges, Spain. It's based on a story by playwright Fernando Arrabal who also acts in the film. Below: Jason Robards plays the role of Matthew South in **FOOLS**. Reminiscent of Lugosi's career, South is a one-time great whose career has narrowed to B horror flicks.



**FACTORY.** Orson Welles heads the cast. Story deals with modern witchcraft and the occult.....The coveted Jean Luc Godard Hommage Award for Titles goes to the upcoming **FLESH GORDON**. Buster Crabbe recently appeared with other vine swingers on the Merv Griffin show in a salute to Tarzan.....**MUNCH-AUSEN, THE INCREDIBLE BARON** is an epic adventure tale based on the life of the world's most extraordinary teller of tall tales and filled with special fx. Karel Zeman's marvelous Czech film about the Baron a few years ago won many awards.....Sean Connery has conned United Artists out of a cool million for his return as 007 in **DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER**. There's a strong possibility he'll be aided by Raquel Welch....While ABC will shutter **DARK SHADOWS**, producer Dan Curtis will not remain dormant. Since his **HOUSE OF DARK SHADOWS** was such a moneymaker, a sequel is now underway. This will be followed by a remake of **DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE**, utilizing fresh and revamped material from Curtis' two-hour version. MGM will release.....**JOURNEY BACK TO OZ** is an animated film with the voices of Liza Minnelli (daughter of original OZ star, Judy Garland), Margaret Hamilton (recreating her original role), Danny Thomas, Milton Berle, Mickey Rooney, Mel Blanc.....Coming attractions: **THE BLOOD ON SATAN'S CLAW**, **BEAST IN THE CELLAR**, **CARNIVAL OF BLOOD**, **HEADLESS HUSBAND**, **VALLEY OF THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN** (with Ultra Violet of Warhol fame), **WITCH STORY** (without Ali McGraw), **BRAIN OF FRANKENSTEIN** and **THE SECRET SEX LIFE OF DRACULA**.....

Keir Dullea playing the title role in **DE SADE** adds to his career another strange and offbeat role since **DAVID & LISA**, and 2001: **A SPACE ODYSSEY**.

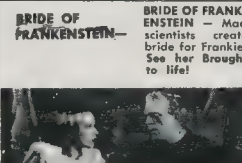


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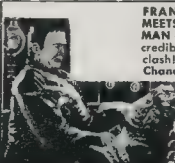


**SON OF FRANKENSTEIN**—A raging thunderstorm! Eerie suspense! Superior to the original say some.

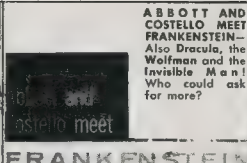


**BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN**—

**BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN**—Mad scientists create bride for Frank! See her Brought to life!



**FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN**—Two incredible creatures clash! Lugosi vs. Chaney!

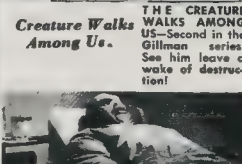


**ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN**—Also Dracula, the Wolfman and the Invisible Man! Who could ask for more?



**THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON**—Archaeologists vs. the Gillman. First of the series.

**Creature from Black Lagoon**



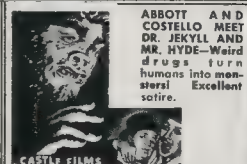
**Creature Walks Among Us.**

**THE CREATURE WALKS AMONG US**—Second in the Gillman series. See her leave a wake of destruction!



**Revenge of the Creature**

**REVENGE OF THE CREATURE**—Panic in a sea coast town as the Gillman threatens!



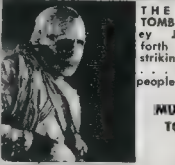
**ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE**—Weird drugs turn humans into monsters! Excellent satire.



**ONE MILLION B.C.**—The original... with Victor Mature vs. Immature dinosaurs! Volcanos erupt!



**THE MUMMY**—Reincarnation spans 3700 years as Karloff appears in one of his most famous roles!



**THE MUMMY'S TOMB**—Lon Chaney Jr. strides forth as Kharis—striking terror... and also people!



**ROCKET TO MARS (ROCKET AND ROLL)**—The wackiest space shot ever filmed. It's psychedelic!



**DR. CYCLOPS**—reduces human beings to the size of mice! A classic!

**DR. CYCLOPS**

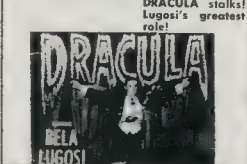


**The Deadly Mantle**

**THE DEADLY MANTIS**—on a rampage of destruction! Nothing can stop it!



**TARANTULA**—A gigantic spider is created by a mad scientist!



**DRACULA** stalks! Lugosi's greatest role!



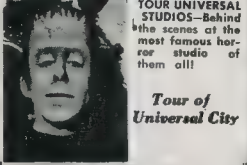
**IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE**—based on a Ray Bradbury story. Richard Carlson battles against time!



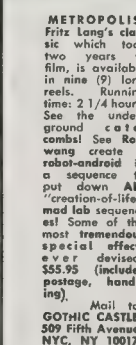
**WAR OF THE PLANETS**—Aliens kidnap scientist! Exploding missiles!



**20,000 MILES FROM EARTH**—It doubles in size every night, wreaking havoc on a terrified populace!



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<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> A & C MEET FRANKENSTEIN	<input type="checkbox"/> DEADLY MANTIS
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> CREATURE FROM LAGOON	<input type="checkbox"/> TARANTULA
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> CREATURE AMONG US	<input type="checkbox"/> DRACULA
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<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> ONE MILLION B. C.	<input type="checkbox"/> 20,000 MILES
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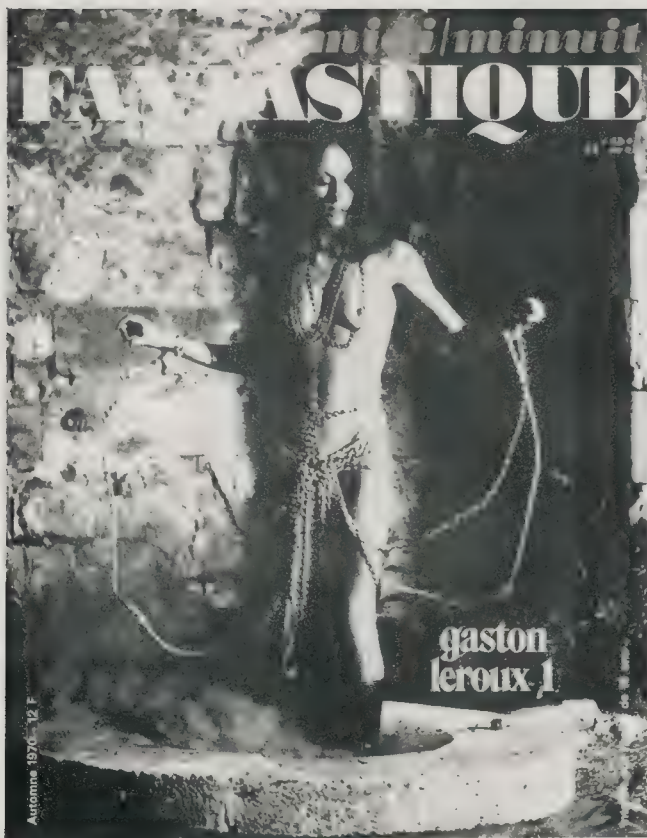
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(Important! All titles above available in Super 8. If you own a Super 8 projector, add 60¢ to each \$3.95 film ordered and 25¢ to each \$3.98 film ordered.)

# METROPOLIS

Gothic Castle Publishing Co.,  
509 Fifth Ave.,  
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Want to know how to get Europe's leading magazine of visual fantasy and surrealism? Back issues of **MIDI-MINUIT FANTASTIQUE** (shown above) no. 9 through 23 are available from: **Le Terrain Vague**, 14-16 Rue de Verneuil, Paris 7e, France. SFantasy film shots and the art-work they run are fantastique indeed! Also, request their mailing lists and catalogs which are in gorgeous colors—even these are stunning. Below are shots from **LO STRANO VIZIO DELLA SIGNORA WARD**, a violent story of passion reminiscent of Fritz Lang's terrifying "M". Raindrops keep falling on the heads of Edwige Fenech and Ivan Rassimov. The film is directed by Sergio Martino



#### MAD. AVE AND THE MACABRE:

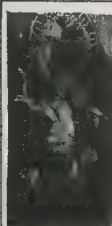
And now we interrupt this film news for a word from our sponsor (signaling a Pavlov response for refrigerator raid or bathroom break): Yesterday's banal commercials now border on fantasy and the future. Combining special fx and makeup, they exemplify ingenuity and imagination. The boobtoob has now, in certain instances, become the beautiful tube, as reflected by the following....

Size seems to be a big factor in many commercials which sport a mini-LAND OF THE GIANTS theme. A small boy towers over his neighborhood after gulping down a few Kellogg's Corn Flakes. He rests on the school bus as the local kids flee in fright. The result is a very interesting effect. A Xerox commercial features a man standing on a giant blowup of a million dollar contract and its copy. Ranch Style Beans also promote their product in a big way: live actors impersonate the beans companion foods. An actress is costumed as a hamburger while an Englishman named Sir Loin is wrapped up in a steak. A large plate and peppershaker complement the kingsize beef. Several seasons ago, Alka Seltzer employed actors to impersonate giant fruits and vegetables plus other incompatible foods. Cartoonist R.O. Blechman animated a talking stomach for Alka Seltzer and the dynamic Wallace Wood (currently involved in a return to the pages of MAD and launching KULL, a new Marvel title) storyboarded an Alka Seltzer commercial in which a group of militant vegetables marched across the bed like a battlefield to attack a pajama-clad overeater.

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY has opened up new vistas now that Sara Lee has used it to push their cakes. Also, Eastern Airlines borrowed "The Dawn of Man" for their "Wings of Man" commercial. "It really says nothing, but in a most beautiful way," says one industry trade paper. A giant hand clutching a Vu-Tane Lighter rings of the Kubrick touch. As electronic music begins, the lighter floats through space similar to the slab.

Other tv commercials are truly a mixed bag of media merchandising. Wohl Shoes take us to a Marat/Sade type asylum with inmates making Wohl Monster Shoes and Dracula stepping out of a coffin. "Basic black—lots of people wouldn't





**CHAMBER OF HORRORS** — Leslie Banks in ghoulish gothic castle dungeon-torture actioner.

**CHAMBER HORRORS**



**HIGHLIGHTS OF HORROR** — Great scenes from Phantom of the Opera, Hunchback of Notre Dame and The Cat and the Canary.

**HORROR HIGH**



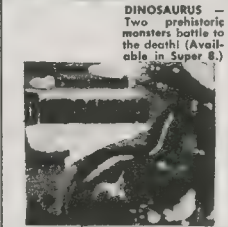
**THE VAMPIRE BAT** — Lionel Atwill as a fiend who uses the evil powers of his mind to destroy others.

**VAMPIRE BAT**

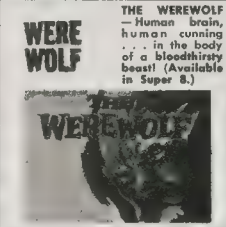


**MIDNIGHT WAX MUSEUM**

**MIDNIGHT AT THE WAX MUSEUM** — Learn the true meaning of horror! Alone at night in the frightening wax museum!

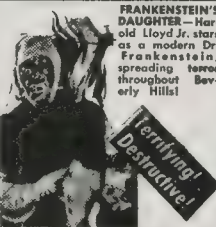


**DINOSAURS** — Two prehistoric monsters battle to the death! (Available in Super 8.)



**WERE WOLF**

**THE WEREWOLF** — Human brain, human cunning... in the body of a bloodthirsty beast! (Available in Super 8.)

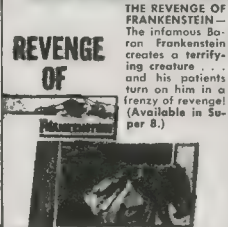


**FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER** — Harold Lloyd Jr. stars as a modern Dr. Frankenstein, spreading terror throughout Beverly Hills!

**Terrifying! Destructive!**

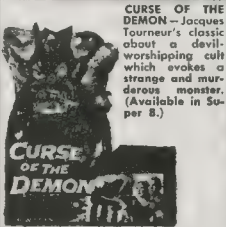


**MASTER OF TERROR** — Robert Lansing goes mad, then uses a secret formula to walk through walls and commit murder! (Available in Super 8.)



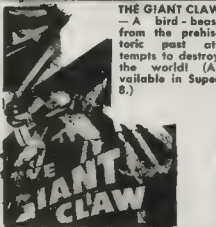
**REVENGE OF**

**THE REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN** — The infamous Baron Frankenstein creates a terrifying creature... and his patients turn on him in a frenzy of revenge! (Available in Super 8.)



**CURSE OF THE DEMON**

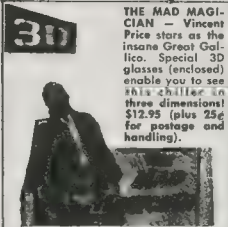
**CURSE OF THE DEMON** — Jacques Tourneur's classic about a devil-worshipping cult which evokes a strange and murderous monster. (Available in Super 8.)



**THE GIANT CLAW** — A bird-beast from the prehistoric past attempts to destroy the world! (Available in Super 8.)

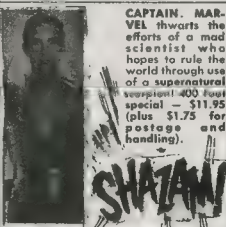


**THE BLOB** — Steve McQueen in the story of a creepy "crawly from outer space" Nothing can stop it! (Available in Super 8.)

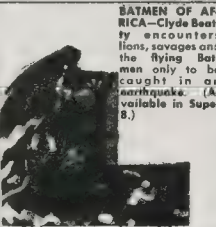


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**CAPTAIN MARVEL** thwarts the efforts of a mad scientist who hopes to rule the world through use of a supernatural weapon! #000 first special — \$11.95 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).



**BATMEN OF AFRICA** — Clyde Beatty encounters lions, savages and the flying Batmen only to be caught in an earthquake. (Available in Super 8.)



**MY SON THE VAMPIRE** — Bela Lugosi portrays a vampire who hopes to control the world! (Available in Super 8.)



**FIRST MEN IN THE MOON** — Ray Harryhausen and H. G. Wells team for real thrills! PLUS actual moon-shot scenes from NASA's Project Apollo. (Available in Super 8.)



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| <input type="checkbox"/> MIDNIGHT AT MUSEUM      | <input type="checkbox"/> THE GIANT CLAW          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> DINOSAURS               | <input type="checkbox"/> THE BLOB                |
| <input type="checkbox"/> THE WEREWOLF            | <input type="checkbox"/> BATMEN OF AFRICA        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER | <input type="checkbox"/> MY SON THE VAMPIRE      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> FIRST MEN IN THE MOON   |  |

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Executive Producer MICHAEL CARRERAS



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PRINCIPAL CITIES AND TOWNS SOON!**



Left— British poster-ad using simply one word for Hammer's US-Canadian titled **THE HORROR OF DRACULA** (1958). Above— Yvonne Mitchell as "Vashti" in the BBC-TV version of E.M. Forster's **THE MACHINE STOPS** teleplayed in 1966. Below left— MGM publicity for **7 FACES OF DR. LAO** showing a "Medusa Cut" by Wendy Lou Taylor and Tony Randall in one of his 7 Faces as Medusa.

be caught dead without it," is part of the pun-filled dialogue. This is one commercial with lots of soul. A man of the future is featured in the Cheer Detergent commercial. He materializes in STAR TREK fashion. Moon men out for a Sunday drive on the luna surface sell Shell Oil with little green men makeup employed. Watch for a new men's cosmetic called Dorien Grey.

Call it camp or just plain commercialism, but KING KONG is making a comeback in advertising. A fair maiden is asked, "Why does Almond Joy bar come in two pieces?" "So I can share it," she replies. "There's a piece for me and a piece for my friend." A giant ape gets his piece by reaching through her bedroom window after which his monstrous hand tickles her chin.

KONG is also king in a few magazine ads. A spectacular two-page color ad in NEWSWEEK is headlined, "Don't monkey around." He's high on the Empire State Building in pseudo-Peter Max pop style. Clutching a blond beauty while fighting an array of airplanes, his fanged mouth and blaring eyes add to the realism. KONG was also resurrected by Puerto Rican Rum in TIME (May 11). A large ape fist grasps a frightened feminist through a broken window as her boyfriend tries to free her. "Ron Rico? Didn't his girl have a strange animal magnetism?" reads the headline.

Ron Rico returns in TIME (July 6) with the following: "Ron Rico? Wasn't he the Hunchback of Notre Dame? Or was he the halfback?" A grotesque hunchback holds the heroine.

Frankenstein under florescent lighting was recently seen in LIFE as part of General Telephone & Electronics two-page color spread. "Florescent lights used to make



# HISTORY OF COMICS

From the earliest comic books of the Victorian 1800's, to THE KATZ-ENJAMMER KIDS, BUCK ROGERS, FLASH GORDON, TARZAN... PRINCE VALIANT... SUPERMAN... BATMAN... CAPTAIN AMERICA.

These are only a few of the hundreds of subjects covered.

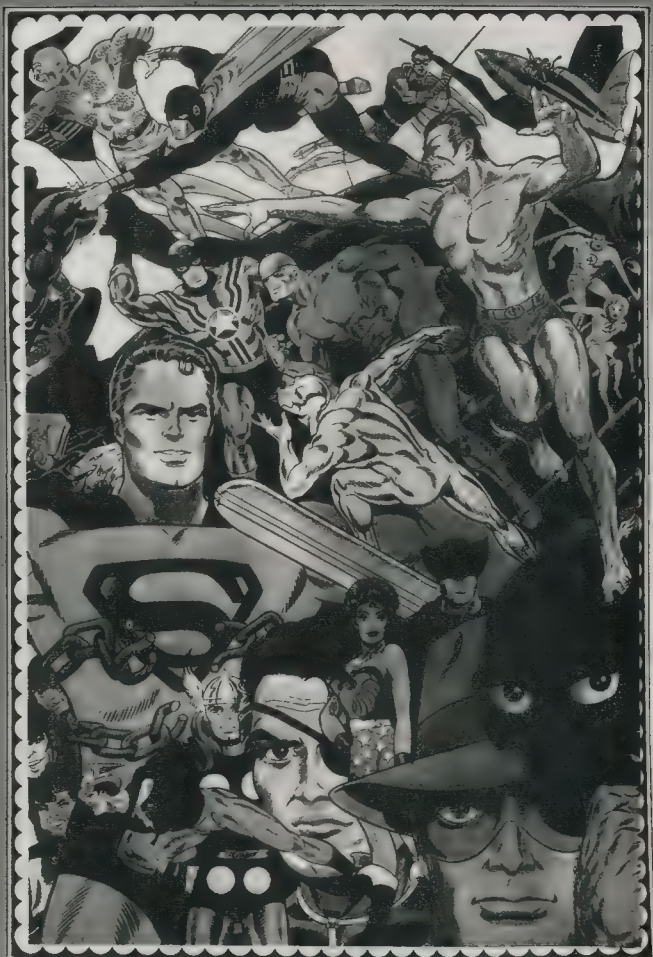
With the help and assistance of such comic book luminaries as Joe Kubert, Jack Kirby, Jerry DeFuccio, Bill Gaines, Julius Schwartz and Mort Weisinger and Federico Fellini (including many others), Jim Steranko now comes across with what must be unanimously and enthusiastically described as the most complete and definitive history of illustrated graphics.

As not only a professional masterpiece but as a remarkably knowledgeable understanding of the entire medium, Steranko's HISTORY OF COMICS is also a great pleasure to read for being an honest labor of love... the rare kind of book you can't want to stop reading once you begin... that you'll return to and re-read over and over — because it has so much to say!

Unlike many of the cut-and-dry "histories" that others have created which only cover dates, facts and surface statistics, Steranko adds an important dimension of depth and behind-the-scenes information of what started artists and writers in their careers.

Not only "How It All Began," but biographies, interviews, conferences between the creators, and their own personal statements... plus:

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Hundreds of reproductions, including full page panels and strips from early FLASH GORDON, TERRY & THE PIRATES, TARZAN, PRINCE VALIANT. And a large rendering of Joe Schuster's original but unpublished idea of SUPERMAN (plus an early "origin" strip, and unpublished Schuster pencil roughs). And: several hundred rare SFantasy-Horror Pulp, Mystery and Comic Book cover reproductions.

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by  
**FEDERICO FELLINI**

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WHEN WOMEN HAD A TAIL stars Senta Berger, found all over this page. Story's about prehistoric times: seven babies are carried out to sea in a straw-like basket and are tossed upon a desert island. Surviving and becoming men, they float off on a tree trunk to explore the world, only to get washed up on another island, a verdant paradise—and Senta with a tail! Complications ensue as all the guys want her, of course, since it's 7 horny men and with only one place to go. This prehistoric romp is directed by Pasquale Campanile.



## senta berger

Unquestionably one of filmdom's most gorgeous young actresses, voluptuous Senta Berger is also brainy and well cultivated in other areas, too. She learned her art in the tradition of Max Reinhardt's school at the famed Josefstadt Theatre in Vienna. TIME magazine, however, acclaimed her as "The dishiest thing out of Vienna since Weiner Schnitzel."

Starting out in ballet at age three, Senta gained membership in the Reinhardt Seminar, the German equivalent of Strasberg's Actors Studio, and after finishing her studies she went on accepting every offered role at Reinhardt's Josefstadt Theatre. At 18, after being in four German flicks, she met Richard Widmark in Vienna who was casting for a leading lady.

"When first meeting Richard, I had my hair in braids, eating an ice cream cone [!] and riding a bicycle. He was looking for a girl to play the part of an experienced woman in his film THE SECRET WAYS. I certainly didn't look the part; but with a change of clothes and proper makeup," Senta explained, "I got my first big break and my first American film."

Subsequently, Senta signed up for Carl Foreman's THE VICTORS, followed by MAJOR DUNDEE with Charlton Heston and Richard Harris.

She speaks German, English, French and Italian fluently. By 24, she had over 30 film credits, mostly German.

"The European film is a very different product from American cinema. Many German films I've been in were very successful but unsuitable for export. When I do an American film, it's promoted the world over. Quite a difference," says Senta. "The type of pictures that used to show only in the art houses to a very limited public are now big boxoffice successes. Foreign dramatic actors and actresses are winning recognition here. Is it that more intelligent people are going to cinemas now than in the past? Or are more people turning off their TV sets to go out in search of something different and challenging? It seems to me they are and that through films we are finally achieving a real exchange of ideas on an international level."

Senta now has a multiple film contract with Columbia and with Warner Brothers. These keep her commuting, she says with a big beautiful smile, between Hollywood and her home in Lucerne, Switzerland. Last year she appeared in AIP's DE SADE.— That's Senta over on the right, doing her thing. Right on, baby!





## THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

Yes, it's here at last! The full 7-reel feature length edition of the 1925 horror classic can be yours!

Made more than forty years ago, the original PHANTOM OF THE OPERA has never been duplicated for sheer thrills and chills, despite two other versions within the last 25 years.

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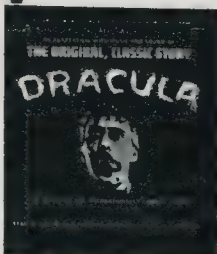
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Vincent Price is...

**Dr. PHIBES**



everyone look terrible," is part of the copy. The makeup looks original and must have been very time consuming. Ads for Kotex napkins show two women of the future in space suits and helmets. Union Carbide is using four-color comic ads to promote its Group I chemicals and plastics. The series will appear in MODERN PLASTICS, PLASTICS WORLD and other trade publications. . . . A special comic book featuring FLASH GORDON is also being issued by Union Carbide. . . . Try to catch the Ritz Cracker tv commercial with Elisha Cook. While not in the fantasy field, any brief appearance by Cook is always a treat (he was unforgettable in THE MALTESE FALCON, THE HOUSE ON HAUNTING HILL, and in Kubrick's THE KILLING, among a few of his many film roles).

And now back to our regularly scheduled film news program!

The occult is such big business that producers are buying fantasy novels from galley proofs before publication.

THE EXCORCIST by William Blatty (who's recently made tv guest rounds on Cavett, etc.) is due soon from Harper and Rowe and studio cameras. Author Ray Russell (MR. SARDONICUS) is suing those involved claiming that EXCORCIST infringes on his 1962 novel, "The Case Against Satan." Both books deal with the Catholic rite of exorcism used to cast out a devil from the body of a young virgin or one who seems "possessed."

Amicus productions will be unleashing ROMEO AND JULIET—1971, subtitled "A Gentle Tale Of Sex, Violence, Corruption and Murder." . . . Charlton Heston's wife is the official still photographer on Heston's I AM LEGEND from Warner Brothers. This is probably the third filming in ten years of the Richard Matheson classic, AIP's LAST MAN ON EARTH the best known; and though difficult to believe, Jean Luc Godard

claims that his ALPHAVILLE was "inspired" by the Matheson book.

Aida Young, one of the few femme producers around, is becoming an old hand at horror. Her latest will be Hammer's HANDS OF THE RIPPER. . . . Sanguinary Shenanigans Dept.: Chevron Pictures recently purchased the British made DOCTORS WEAR SCARLET for US distribution, retitling it BLOOD SUCKERS. Surprisingly some prudent papers are reluctant to use the word "blood" in movie ads and will probably change the above either to SCARLET SEEKERS. George Stovers BLACK ORACLE (Box 2301, Baltimore, Md. 21203—3 issues for \$1) indicates that MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND, and BLOOD DEMON were changed to "crimson," while BLOOD OF DRACULA'S CASTLE was re-named RED OF—etc.

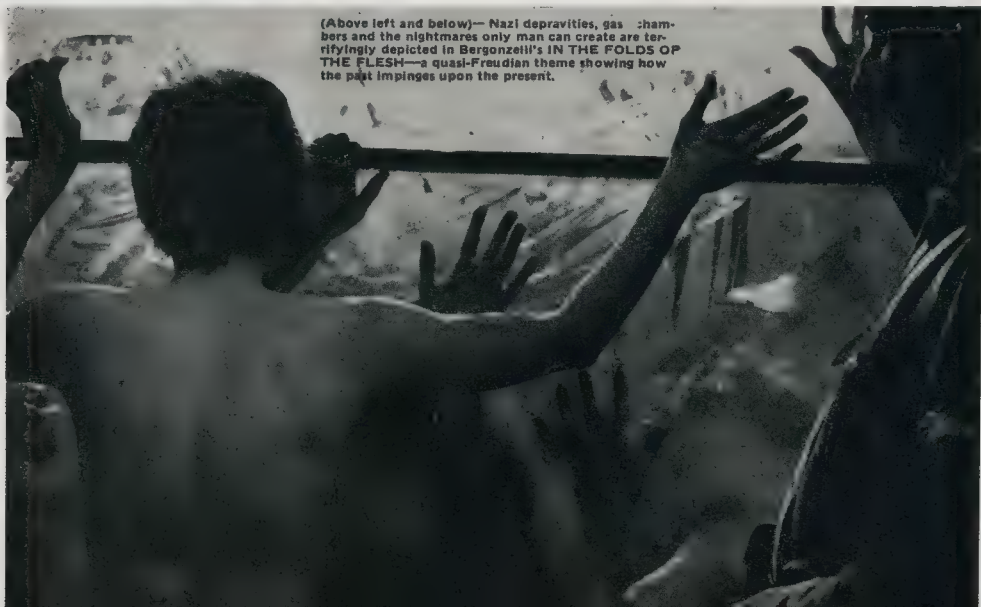
Tiny Tim will tiptoe through LOVE, AMERICAN STYLE in the episode "Love and the Vampire" with Judy Carne and Robert Reed—can be seen in re-runs. . . . ABC's Movie Of The Week will feature Barbara Stanwyck in the horror tale, AMMIE COME HOME. . . . THE GUARDIANS, an s-f flick, will also be on ABC.

One of the greatest SFantasy film festivals in the USA will occur in 1973 if Dallas, Texas, wins the bid for a World Science Fiction Convention. Over 35 films are planned, including WAR OF THE WORLDS, FORBIDDEN PLANET, DELUGE, THINGS TO COME and 2001, in addition to a few surprises. The Dallascon Committee has been issuing a free subscription for several years to its Dallascon Bulletin, one of the finest semi-pro fanmags alive. To be on the list, write c/o: Tom Reamy, Box 523, Richardson, Texas 75080.

The 1971 SF WorldCon is meanwhile

(continued page 62)

(Above left and below)—Nazi depravities, gas chambers and the nightmares only man can create are terrifyingly depicted in Bergonzelli's IN THE FOLDS OF THE FLESH—a quasi-Freudian theme showing how the past impinges upon the present.



# Letters

DINA SORES, ET AL.

Dear Cal:

The Bloch interview (CoF no. 16) is very good so far. Nice to see a guy have the courage and complete confidence to admit that he enjoys entertaining people, rather than snowing them with "art." You offer a fine array of photos, too.

Danforth's FX for WHEN DINOSAURS RULED were superb, and ambitious, but I still prefer Harryhausen. In spite of Danforth's impressive solo, he has some ways to go before equalling H's track record. (Though I'm sure Danforth, who is very self-effacing and intelligent, would never boast otherwise, though he probably has greater wonders to unfold.) His DINOSAURS matte paintings were truly stunning, superb pieces of art. As a friend of mine said, they almost succeeded in evoking the heady romanticism of KONG. (Danforth's matte paintings for EQUINOX were far and away the best things about that film.)

The VAMPIRE LOVERS and YORGA blurbs were unnecessary. No one is twisting your arm to review every new piece of junk AIP and its cheapie subsidiaries bestow (or should I just say unload) on us. Of course, Joe Dante's artful barbs are always welcome, since they're almost always deserved, but these photo features are a drag.

But I was a little disappointed in reading Dante's review of DARK SHADOWS. Inasmuch as he seemed to like it. Sure, it was sometimes fun, but so is watching highschool drama. DS is strictly hambone alley, with overtones of camp sometimes so odoriferous as to warrant it being blasted off the air. [Ah, but compare it with the usual putrescence all over Daytime TV and dominating much evening time!—ctb.]

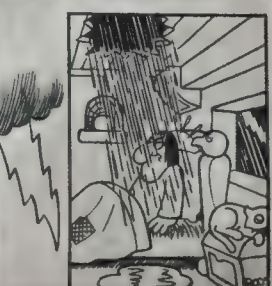
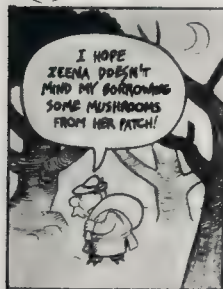
I'm looking forward to the Filmusic piece



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Keep those cards and letters pouring in, gang!

## Baron von Bungle

BY RICHARD BOWRSKI







Send \$1.00 to Promethean Enterprises, 4160 Holly Drive, San Jose, Calif. 95127, for Jim Vadeboncoeur & Al Davoren's artzine, *Not one of, but the best we've seen*. Work by Rick Griffin, Robert Crumb, Frank Frazetta & others.

with great relish. Hope you'll include a few good photos of the composers discussed—really swell if you have shots which aren't just portraits but, rather, good behind-the-scenes stuff you're famous for. Also, delighted to see you tackling Harryhausen at last. Craig Readford, 1806 Esplanade, Redondo Beach, Calif. 90277.

Actually, we felt too little of *VAMPIRE LOVERS* and *YORGA* was given in CoF 16. Based on many enthusiastic reports and a few decent press reviews, it was obligatory to run at least one page per film. There was *much* trouble obtaining shots of filmic composers this issue; we trust this will soon be remedied in another issue with a little help from our friends.—CTB.

#### UNSUNG HERO DEPT.

Dear Editor Beck:

From reading every word in your splendid mag, I've concluded that you have an outstanding research dept. So, there is this one guy, an actor, whom I don't see these days but was always in horror or horror-comedy. Though I have all kinds of reference material I can't locate any pictures of him. His name: Milton Parsons. He has big, round eyes, is bald and is mostly seen as a "butler." In *THE MONSTER THAT CHALLENGED THE WORLD* he played the role of Lewis Clark Dobs. It would be a great favor to me if Info' was available on his other screen credits and if photos of him were shown. A really fine actor. Who knows, perhaps others remember Mr. Parsons's, too.

Thanks also for a very great article, *TARGETS* (CoF no. 15) with King Boris. It was a great and fitting tribute to The King. Geary S. Johnston, Townhouse Apt's No. 923, Shreveport, La. 71101.

#### SFANTASY FILMS RELEVANT

Dear Sirs:

*CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN* has to be the best multi-media and SFantasy publication in business. Barring none, I've continued to watch it grow from a very promising mag some years ago to a genuine SFantasy mag devoid of sub-standard juvenile writing and rotten puns.

Of all the features in CoF, I like the *HEAD-TORIAL* best. It reads like some of the best SFanzines (the amateur fan press), and many of the fanzines today display more worthwhile reading than thousands of the general-media magazines. I believe there is a great need for commentary on the scene today. The screens (movie and tv), the newstands and all other media are suffering from diseases of pap and cheap sex. And the general masses accept it as quality, even handing out Awards to performers of dubious value (i.e. Goldie Hawn). It's time for responsible people to speak up. By responsible, I am not

referring to TIME, NEWSWEEK and the *Spiro Agnew*, but to those who know what they're talking about.

I believe CoF has shown itself as one of the responsible ones.

Beck beautifully moves through film/ndom to comics, touching many fields all at once. CoF, as I see it, is first a film magazine. But it is also a magazine of social comment. Science fiction has always dealt with social problems; and fantasy films, while weaving stories many find implausible, relate to human nature—that side of human nature we sometimes hate to admit is there. They personify our fears of the unknown, or fears of those who might be different from us. Therefore, SF and fantasy films are social comment. I believe CoF captures this in its editorial content.

Only one big gripe I have, which I'm sure you would like to end: The irregularity of publication. As CoF now stands, it can only become better. I wish you continuous publishing success.

Dick Miller, 326 Winchester St., Decatur, Indiana 46733.

As political aspirants say these days, "We have no intention of running for a higher political office," but *thaxx* anyhow. We'll get Boss Jim W. Gettys yet, however (hear that Gettys, wherever you are!). Seriously, everything in the universe relates to everything else. And one of the greatest horror films is *EAST OF EDEN* because it personifies real horrors all over the country, even down the block, or next door.—CTB.

#### PRISONER/STAR TREK FREAK

Dear Mr. Beck:

Having been hooked on CoF since no. 13 and as one of those STAR TREK freaks, I've really appreciated the coverage you have given it. I go to Wisconsin State University at Stevens Point where, every day at 3:30, the local STAR TREK group gathers to watch you-know-what. We don't bother wasting our time deciding whether or not it is the best tv series ever. We just sit back and enjoy it.

I was pleased to see that you plan an article on *THE PRISONER*. When it was on during the summers of 1968–69, I put together a file (dialogue, guest stars, etc.) on this fascinating show. Since then I've been looking for other material on it but until now it's been limited. Hopefully CoF will rectify that situation.

In closing I'd just like to say, "Keep up the good work." Yours is the best in the field.

Michael O'Connor, 406 7th St., Mosinee, Wis. 54455.

#### MICHAEL RIPPER

Dear CoF:

Can you or your readers provide me bio and career information of British character actor Michael Ripper? He has been closely associated with Hammer films for many years. Here is a partial list of his credits:

1955: *The Sea Shall not Have Them* (UA); *The Intruder* (Assoc.); *Secret Venture* (Rep.); *Four Against Fate* (Assoc.).

1956: *Wee George* (Times); *Richard III* (Loptert); 1984 (Col.); *Blonde Sinner* (AA).

1957: *X The Unknown* (WB); *Enemy From Space* (UA); *Woman in a Dressing Gown* (WB).

1958: *Steel Bayonet* (UA); *Up The Creek* (Dom.); *Dangerous Youth* (WB); *The Revenge of Frankenstein* (Col.); *Camp On Blood Island* (Col.); *Blue Murder At St. Trinian's* (Cont.).

1959: *The Mummy* (Univ.).

1964: *Curse of the Mummy's Tomb* (Col.); *Pirates of Blood River* (Col.).

1966: *Plague of the Zombies* (20th); *The Reptile* (20th); *Where Bullets Fly* (Embassy).

1967: *The Mummy's Shroud* (20th); *The Deadly Bees* (Par.).

1968: *Torture Garden* (Col.); *The Lost Continent* (20th); *Inspector Clouseau* (UA).

1969: *Dracula Has Risen From The Grave* (WB).

1970: *Taste the Blood of Dracula* (WB); *Moon Zero Two* (WB); *Glirly* (CRC).

Richard M. Wesley, 833 10th St., Santa Monica, Calif. 90403.

One of the finest character actors ever, Michael Ripper has certainly not received the recognition and praise he deserves. Many a British film would be poorer without him. A story-photo layout on him is now under preparation. For the present, though, he was born around 1925; appeared on stage and in *Shakespeare in the Park* in London. Some of his other films: *Captain Boycott* (1948), *Treasure Hunt* (1952), *The Belles of St. Trinian's* (1954), *The Brides of Dracula* (1960), *The Night Creatures* (1962).—CTB.

#### A CHAMBER OF HORRORS

Dear Sirs:

Could you please produce me a leviathan necklace called *ala naga*, four-headed dragon snake; 8-ball that foretells the future? a Septulph with a golden skeletal head on top of black metal giuwong sticks—they are made of very heavy black plastic 12 to a set. A wolf head made of silver on top of a black wooden dress cane, silver tip on the bottom of the cane. Black vampire clamps to be sewn on material voodoo dolls; Actor pose of Jonathan Frid. If you know anybody who can do this, please send me their full name, address, zip code. The publishing company says you can't. May I please find if you can do this or not. Thank you.

Florence Morgan, P.O. Box 124, 151 West Maine St., Port Jervis, N.Y. 12771.

Sounds like Port Jervis could be a real swinging town, Flo! But afraid the answer is NO!! The publishing co. has no right telling you all that—those are my working tools. How else do you think we can keep on putting out CoF?—CTB.

#### WELLES & OTHERS

Dear CoF:

Here are some suggestions for future issues: how about doing an article on Orson Welles? Including *CITIZEN KANE* and the 1938 *WAR OF THE WORLDS* broadcast, of course. The article should be done in the same manner as the one on Jacques Cocteau in CoF no. 5. It is such a pity that intelligent, well-done CoF-style material your competitor primarily lacks.

Any chance you could publish a portfolio of the works of Hannes Bok, Virgil Finlay and St. John as well as some biographical info on them? A checklist of their published works would also be appreciated. I'm also looking forward to your article on *THE PRISONER*. This program was one of the best series in fantasy that tv ever had, along with *TWILIGHT ZONE*, *OUTER LIMITS* and *STAR TREK*. I hope your article will do it justice.

By the way, who drew the top of the letters page in issue no. 16?

I agree with reader Tom Lowe about your constant references to grass and Nixon-Agnew. I know that this is done obviously to gain the readership of politicians and heads who wouldn't normally read a monster mag, but let's cut it out, O.K.? There are already plenty of underground newspapers and comics that can criticize the administration better. So stick to the field you handle best: fantasy movies.

John Kent, 2709 Canfield Ave., Los Angeles 90034.

As we've said before, everything in life and throughout the Universe is interrelated, from Roger Corman in H'wood to a Vietnamese man getting ripped-off while working on his rice paddy. CoF's position is *IMAGINATION which is totally dependent on the escalation of man's consciousness and power of awareness*. Inasmuch as Nixon-Agnew, pot, etc. are salient, important issues, "constant references" to them would be impossible since there are so many other things in life. Just because one enjoys sex, films or rds doesn't mean one's into them each day for 24 hours; it would stunt and limit one's intelligence and consciousness.

Fantasy artist Charles Ludwig did last issue's letter page heading.—CTB.

(cont. on page 58)

# 

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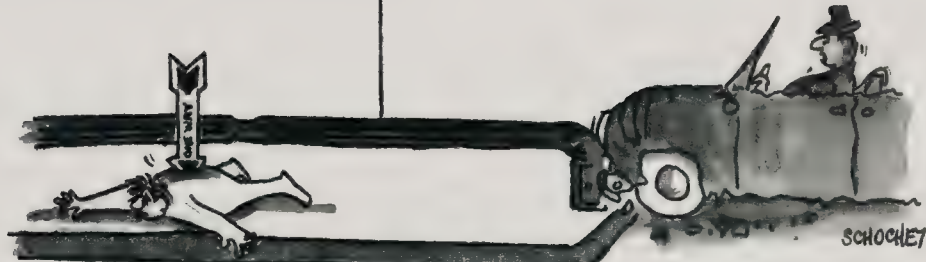
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## FREAKS

Dear Cal:

Re: CoF 16. First off, the Slay-Mate-of-the-month is a total waste of an entire page. The space following the Bloch interview could perhaps have been better used with a reprint of an old Bloch classic (I had "Feast in the Abbey" in mind). Also very disappointed with the final part of the History of The Horror Film. Though small print was used, certainly films of the 40s and 30s deserved more than four pages of print and stills!

And to see FREAKS dismissed as "revolting and tasteless"!! Browning's introductory statement to the film should have finished all such criticism forty years ago. And what about DARK EYES OF LONDON, THE DEAD OF NIGHT, DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE (March and Tracy), etc., etc. Not even a word! I would have been perfectly willing to read through 20 installments for a really complete and detailed history of the genre [okay, already; we're now preparing something like that, indeed something colossal that'll probably begin sometime in '72—ctb].

On the plus side, I agree 100% with your Headliners and couldn't disagree more with Tom Lowe's comments. If he would have CoF ignore questions that affect all us, it would be just as easy for him to ignore disturbing editorials. "Gyossel, I'm very glad to see an intelligent and coherent fanzine magazine take an intelligent and coherent position on such an important question as the South-East Asian war. Keep the faith! Henry Piatky, 36 Clark St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201.

## SLAYMATES FOREVER

Dear CoF editors:

A horror movie without a heroine is like watching DRACULA without Dracula. You've had article after article on male horror stars (Karloff, Lugosi, etc.), but what about the women? The men, granted, usually carried the horror films, portraying the monsters, mad scientists, or some deformed human monstrosity. But they were all usually after one thing—either Fay Wray or Evelyn Ankers [Right On!—ctb].

Thanks to Shock Theatre, one can study the body of work contributed to the horror film by Miss Ankers who was often billed by Universal as "The Queen of Horror." And she could really act, too. Note her performances in THE WOLF MAN—WEIRD WOMAN—THE SON OF DRACULA—GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN—SHERLOCK HOLMES & THE VOICE OF TERROR—THE MAD GHOUL—CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN—JUNGLE WOMAN—INVISIBLE MAN'S REVENGE—HOLD THAT GHOST, etc.

And there were other women who played strong parts, too: Maria Ouspenskaya in THE WOLF MAN, THE MYSTERY OF MARIE ROBERT, TARZAN & THE AMAZONS, Acquanetta: CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN, DEAD MAN'S EYES, TARZAN & THE LEOPARD WOMAN, etc.

And what about Lionel Atwill, George Zucco and Martin Kosleck (who played in several of the Mummy movies and in HOUSE OF HORROR with Rondo Hatton and Virginia Grey)?

Give the women some credit, boys. Especially Miss Ankers who is now married to Richard (CREATURE FROM THE BLACK

LAGOON) Denning. Don't continue neglecting those valiant horror gals of yesteryear.

Your mag is so wonderful, but when in hell does it come out? Once a year or bi-monthly as it says on the contents page? Jerry Tilloston, 1227 S. Parry St., apt.-E, Montgomery, Alabama.

An article we called SCREAM QUEENS was planned long ago; it may be used soon. But hasten to point out that gals like Fay and Evelyn were part of the "eternal triangle," basic plot theory, and in the gestalt of Fantasy-horror, it's femmes mostly of Acquanetta's, Barbara Steele's, Barbara Shelley's and Allison Hays's meter who were counterparts of Karloff, Chaney and Lugosi. Wray, Ankers, Mae Clark and Helen Chandler were in their films what Norman Kerry, David Manners, Buster Crabbe were in their own right: Heroes and Heroines for the most part. —CTB.

## A CONVERT

Dear Editor:

I used to buy the "other" monster mag for years, but quit because all they ever had was Frankenstein (sorry!!), Vampires, Werewolves and the like. On first seeing CoF, felt I had to buy it (lucky I had change in my pocket).

I enjoy your articles which help in the understanding of films, particularly those you featured on 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY—a wonderful film with superb visual effects (the ending blew my mind).

Seeing FAHRENHEIT 451, it's very hard to imagine a society without books; interesting knowing of Bradbury's views on other subjects in your interview (CoF 13). 451 was superb (I have 3 movie ratings: echl, good, and superb). Recalling PLANET OF THE APES (superb!), I would have been disappointed if I hadn't seen the film first, since the original book's ending was much better. I wondered how they made it so that the apes' mouths moved in so many different shapes. One of the best examples of makeup ever! I love most of your other features like Latest Film News, the Letters section and Editorial. I refuse to knock any articles that I didn't like or care to read, because I know that you have to try and satisfy all of your readers, and if you can do this with just a few articles that I don't like, MORE POWER TO YOU!!!

Don Nihoul, 209 Canis Dr.W., Orange Park, Florida.

## On a final but quite IMPORTANT NOTE.

We're getting lots of another type of mail: Letters from a lot of people saying they never see CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN in their area. Now, we KNOW all about where CoF does appear, for the most part; but YOUR written-in complaint of non-distribution is VERY important to us (how else can we hope to one day sell a million copies per issue and come out more frequently, eh?). But you've gotta make certain that it's not a case of mistaken surveillance and that you just didn't happen to miss CoF a few days too late. This would be unkind to all concerned.

With kindest regards to all of you:

— Calvin T. Beck —



The above photo of an old-time movie house tells, as they say, ten thousand words and untold stories of nostalgia. But the past is NOT gone forever. Now return with us to those bygone days of yesteryear where, from out of the past, come the thundering hoofbeats of the Great Horse Silver. And not only Silver, but Flash Gordon's and Buck Roger's rockships.

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the famous detective. Entertaining little thriller with some eerie moments. Lloyd Nolan, Marjorie Weaver, Henry Nicholson, Leroy Mason.

**MARK OF THE GORILLA (68 min; Col., 1950).** Jungle Jim and the Native Rangers unmask menacing gorillas as Nazis in henchmen. Why torture yourself? Johnny Weismuller, Trudy Marshall.

**MARCH OF THE WOODEN SOLDIERS (78 min; MGM, 1934).** Unusual bizarre blend of fantasy-horror and comedy in charming film version of Victor Herbert operetta with Laurel and Hardy as bumbling toymakers who rout Evil Barnaby with army of giant toy soldiers. Dated, antiquated songs, but story incorporates many fairy tales and fantasy music more fantasy atmosphere than the latest Disney 1961 remake. Also titled *BABES IN TOYLAND*. Charlotte Henry, Felix Knight.

**MARK OF THE VAMPIRE (61 min; MGM, 1935).** Sentimentalists that we are, we've all forgiven Tod Browning for the ludicrous ending since this classic remake of his Chaney vehicle *LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT* offers some of the most artful and chilling vampiric doings of the 30s, and is stylistically better than many of Browning's earlier films, including *DRACULA*. Occultist Lionel Barrymore. Insists vampires are behind murder at gloomy estate. Fine performances, great cast and James Wong Howe photography, plenty of cowboys. Lionel Atwill, Jean Harlow, Elizabeth Allen, Bela Lugosi, Carol Borland.

**MARCOED (134 min; Col., 1969).** John Sturges' remake of his 1952 classic *JEOPARDY*, set in outer space. No 2001, obviously, but okay if predictable space meller about astronauts trapped in orbit. Plotting is George Albee circa 1955, but convincing performances, better product than most good Sci-Fi suspense make the time pass pleasantly. Gregory Peck, Richard Crenna, David Janssen, Gene Hackman, James Franciscus, Lee Grant. 70mm Panavision.

**MASK, THE (83 min; WB, 1961).** Ill-fated Canadian attempt to revive 3-D, under the title "Depth Dimension" (an improved form, actually). Indian mask turns into vicious homicidal maniacs, as the camera goes into their minds as they hallucinate. Unusual film benefited from use of 3-D, since fantasy scenes become repetitious and ineffective. However, worthy of a look even in 2-D. Paul Stevens, Claude Rains, Ann Colliers, Martin LaTut, and Forward by great entrepreneur Jim Moran.

**MASQUERADE (102 min; UA, 1965).** Marvelous tongue-in-cheek adaptation of Victor Canning's "Castle Minerva," full of beautiful photography, funny lines, some excellent direction by Basil Dearden. Spies cross and triple-cross each other in 15 years from the Arabian Kingdom is kidnapped. Imaginative circus chase sequence quite impressive. Jack Hawkins, Cliff Robertson, Marisa Mell, Christopher Witty, Michael Piccoli. Filmed in Spain. Color, CinemaScope.

**MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH, THE (90 min; AIP, 1964).** Roger Corman's major Poe adaptation: stylish, imaginatively written, more symbolic than previous film versions, and more of a personal statement. Weakness is in uneven structure of seriousness and parody, several unusual filmic experiments which really don't come to fruition. We still like *THE GMB OF LIGEA* best of all, but *MASQUE* has enough in common to make it a classic in years to come. Nicholas Roeg's Panavision-Color photography will suffer on TV. Vincent Price, Hazel Court, Jane Asher, Patrick MacGee, Nigel Green.

**MASTER MINDS (64 min; Mono., 1949).** Typical, now-camp Bowery Boys thriller. Mad dr. Alan Napier, in usual dignified form, even here, tries to put Huntz Hall's "brain" in a gorilla. Unfortunately, he doesn't succeed with Bojor lookalike Hall, guaranteeing ten more years in the series. Often included in checklists of Lugosi films, but he's not in it (which must be one of the few decent breaks he had around this period). Leo Grogan, Jane Adams, Glenn Strange (as "Atlas," a kind of Monogram Frankenstein monster).

**MASTER OF HORROR (61 min; UA, 1964).** Two star AIPs (the titles held in the series) with weak framing device of maid reading on a stormy night: 1—Case of M. Valdemar tries hard but rather dull, 2—Cask of Amontillado

is somewhat better due to tight approach, but jumbled. Minor Argentine-made venture suffers from poorly-written English-dubbed dialogue, unimpressive adaptation. Structure and short length indicate a 3rd story was removed from U.S. release. Narciso Menta, Inez Moreno, Carlos Estrada.

**MASTER OF TERROR (85 min; US, 1959).** Original title: *THE 4-D MAN*. Interesting idea, and Robert Lansing good as usual as scientist rapidly aging from 4-D experiments, but supporting cast is poor—even worse is the script and direction. Occasional good moments due to clever spcl fx, but imaginative premise goes down the drain. Lee Meriwether, James Condon, Robert Strauss. Color.

**MASTER OF THE WORLD (104 min; AIP, 1961).** Bigger budget carny-circus idea helped this ambitious but very weak Verne adaptation. William Witney's flat serial-style direction doesn't bring out needed charm inherent in tale of inventor dedicated to stamping out war in his amazing airship. Occasionally interesting, scripted by Richard Matheson. Vincent Price, Charles Bronson, Henry Hull. Color.

**MATCHLESS (105 min; UA, 1967).** Italian-made spy spoof. Agent Patrick O'Neal is given invisibility secret by dying stranger, aids US military. Pleasant foolishness with a few dead spots. Donald Pleasence, Ira Furstenberg, Henry Silva. Color.

**MAZE, THE (81 min; AA, 1953).** Weird, occasionally near-excellent 3-D sleeper set in old Scottish castle with terrible script. Moody quality is result of expert production design by director Wm. Cameron Menzies. Very atmospheric, even scary, until the end, which proffers what is probably the most incredible, albeit unusual, denouements in horror—or any other genre of film. Done in black and white. Richard Carlson, Veronica Hurst, Catherine Emery, Michael Pate.

**MEDUSA VS. THE SON OF HERCULES (93 min; Embassy, 1963).** Ordinary Italian-made mythology thriller: Perseus vs. horrible tentacled creatures who turn to stone are easily most interesting things in this one, but not other genre of film. Done in black and white. Molina Rojo. Color, Scope.

**MEDIUM, THE (87 min; Lopert, 1951).** Gian Carlo Menotti's opera about a fake medium frightened she may really possess supernatural powers. For opera fans and a few others due to interesting score and story. Italian-made. Marie Powers, Anna Maria Albergotti, Leo Crisman.

**MEET MR. KRINGLE (56 min; NTA, 1955).** TV made of the *CRACKLE ON 34TH STREET* seen on the old 20th Century Fox hour. Hardly an improvement due to telescoping and low tele-budget, though Macdonald Carey and Thomas Mitchell are reliable as always.

**MERMAIDS OF TIBURON, THE (77 min; Filmgroup, 1962).** Economically made and practically plotless, but beautiful underwater photography and fragile air of fantasy make this John Lamond film worth a look, especially in color. Diane Webber, George Roeg, Timothy Carey. Color.

**METEOR MONSTER (64 min; Howco, 1957).** There is a level at which awful movies approach high art, and if not for its plodding pace, this combination SF-horror-western-Soopera might make it. A little boy is hit by a meteor, no less, and grows into a hairy, metallic, inarticulate and impossibly ludicrous adolescent monster. His embarrassed but loving mother hides him away and lies for him, and the whole mess will tear your heart out. If your filmic sense of humor is warped enough, you may find this entertaining in a mad-as-frog way, providing you turn it off before it becomes depressing. Released theatrically during the fabulous 50s as *TEENAGE MONSTER*. Stuart Wade, Anne Gwynne, Gloria Castillo, Charles Courtney.

**MEXICAN SPITFIRE SEES A GHOST (69 min; RKO, 1942).** There's the entire plot: right on the title. This weak entry in what has not proved to be a particularly durable series will do little to resuscitate any long-dormant Lupe Velez cults which may be out there. Leon Errol, Buddy Rogers.

**MICKY ONE (93 min; Col., 1965).** Arthur Penn's fascinating pre-BONNE L. CLYDE Kafka-like fable about down-and-out nightclub comic on the run, one of the most unjustly un-

derated films of the decade, which will eventually be "discovered" years after its release. Brilliant in many respects, it bears repeated viewings and shouldn't be missed. Probably the best thing Penn's ever done. Fine photography, unforgettable score by Eddie Sauter, fine, indeed great acting by Warren Beatty, Hurd Hatfield, Alexandra Stewart, Jeff Corey.

**MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, A (132 min; GM, 1959).** Shakespeare's inspired MGM "experiment" in wildly uneven but often fascinating cinematization of Shakespeare fantasy to Mendelssohn & Korngold music. Oscar-winning photography and editing; stellar cast: James Cagney, Olivia de Havilland, Victor Jory, Dick York, Anita Louise, Mickey Rooney, Joe E. Brown, others. Dir. Max Reinhardt, William Dieterle.

**MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, A (74 min; SC, 1961).** Czech Jiri Trnka's animated puppets perform Shakespeare's fantasy with voices of England's Old Vic company. Novel and entertaining. Color, CinemaScope.

**MIGHTY JOE YOUNG (94 min; RKO, 1949).** Clever, only slightly tongue-in-cheek intrusion in thriller of another enormous but humane gorilla transported to US for nightclub date. Excellent production values, fine Oscar-winning Willis O'Brien-Ray Harryhausen spcl fx. Ernest B. Schoedsack's final film, ironically with Robert Armstrong, both burying their greatest hit, KONG. Terry Moore, Ben Johnson.

**MIGHTY URSUS (87 min; UA, 1961).** Extremely poor strongman item made in Italy. Sounds like fantasy, but stays at all; go out to a movie. Ed Fury, Christina Gajoni. TotalScope, color.

**MILL OF THE STONE WOMEN (94 min; Parade, 1961).** Italian-Netherlands made horror cataloging a host of perversions. Madman infatuated with daughter suffering from weird but unknown disease is aided by blackmailed man in taking blood out of pretty young girls. When the girls die, they're die and placed in Mill exhibition at a Wax Museum. Corny plot idea adroitly overcome by excellent location color photography, good acting, atmosphere and delightful musical score. Scott Gabel, Pierre Brice, Wolfgang Preiss. Dir. Giorgio Ferroni. Color.

**MILLION DOLLAR LEGS (64 min; Par, 1932).** Overrated, actually rather good comedy-fantasy set in mythical kingdom which pins hopes for money on its weird Olympic team. More silly than funny, though portions of W.C. Fields' limited screen time are amusing. See Fields' *IT'S A GIFT* (1934) for the great man at his best. Done in black and white. George Barbier, Anne Clyde, Dr. Joseph Manfrotto.

**MILLION EYES OF SU-MURU, THE (95 min; AIP, 1967).** Poorly made grade-C fantasy adventure from Sax Rohmer, made bearable by odd Kevin Kavanagh dialogue based on subtle references to old jokes. Cult of torture-prone women subjugate men. A must for the fly-by-night wing of Women's Lib, and a treasure-trove for the feminist. Directed by Shirley Eaton, Wilfrid Hyde-White. ColorScope.

**MINE WITH THE IRON DOG, THE (66 min; Col., 1936).** Mediocre adventure programmer about crazy archaeologist looks like a mini-series of the pin-headed variety. Richard Arlen, Cecilia Parker, H.B. Walthall.

**MIND BENDERS, THE (99 min; AIP, 1962).** Brit-made pseudo-drama; scientists working on sensory isolation experiments are investigated by one comic character. Begins well, holds interest until last 3rd which fizzles out with "inspirational" but irrelevant childbirth scene. Well acted by Dirk Bogarde, Mary Ure, Wendy Craig, John Clements.

**MINOTAUR, THE (92 min; UA, 1961).** Remember the famous legend of The Minotaur? Well, forget it because this picture has nothing to do with it. This Minotaur has all the ferocity of a hand-puppet. Bob Mathias tries fiercely to upstage the cute monster and lovable Italian cast, all of who mug winningly at the camera, stealing scene after scene. Somebody should've stolen the entire movie—and hid it. Suzanne Lort, Rossano Schiffrino, Alberto Lupu. TotalScope, Color.

*The M listing, with possible addenda, to be concluded in the next issue.*

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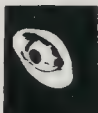


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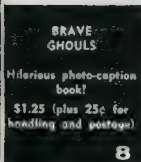
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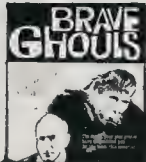
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## 14



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This sinister-looking black tentacle fits onto your finger. You control his movements as he mysteriously tells his eyes and wiggles his monstrous legs. By the way, this is the same spider recommended by the Black Widow and Ugly Archduke Society. 75¢, plus 25¢ for postage and handling.

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## JWARO! SHRUNKEN HEAD



(cont. from p. 40)

Meantime—go ahead to fold, mutilate and spindle the crap. . . .

## OPERATION STAGGER

STAGGER is the tentative title for a new movement planning to open branch offices in most urban areas throughout the country. Part of its modus operandi includes a head-start campaign to help save the cities (beginning with NYC) from being ripped-off. At first blush, the goals may not only sound too visionary and dreamy, but some critics may also say, "It's unworkable; too difficult; impossible!" This may apply to people who are programmed to accept fertility "because you can't fight city hall," or some such bunk.

In brief, STAGGER will do the following:

It is affirmed pollution is rampant, small business are dying, city life and crime in the streets and crushing working conditions have turned huge urban areas into painful human stockyards.

Most of the urban nightmare can be alleviated through this simple plan:

Staggering the working hours apart so that blue-and-white collar man-power takes advantage of a complete 24-hour day instead of, roughly, the present 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. "traditional" time-period when 90% of labor is in force. This time-pattern was oppressive enough in the Good Old Days; but we all know what it's like now, right? It's now a rush-hour sardine canning not only destructive to spiritual and physical health but critically raising all pollution levels.

Present commuting and transit conditions are monstrous, people wasting their lives and 6 times more than they should due to peak-hour traffic congestion, a major cause of air pollution. . . the scene isn't unlike a crowded theatre panicking from a fire call and rushing out all at one time. More people get killed that way than from an actual fire.

During "business" hours huge freight trucks and delivery cars attempt loading and unloading at one time. Meanwhile, businesses and recreation come to a standstill after hours—people are afraid of panhandlers, getting mugged on empty streets or too tired getting out after commuting hassles.

Yet this jungle can be turned into an Eden, even though Establishment Gas-Oil syndicates and the Auto Industry will be unhappy. If traffic moved freely, less fuel would be bought and consumed, meaning a tremendous lessening of environmental pollution but healthier, longer-lived people, with cars lasting far longer.

Spreading out a work day to fill up most of the 24 hours isn't unworkable nor unique. It happened during WW II and was then termed "mobilization and late p.m. to a.m. periods called 'swing shifts.' This can happen again, and with dividends, though it means overcoming public apathy, bearing down on sundry politicians, Hizzoner the Mayor, the Chamber of Commerce and business community by advising them they must shape up or ship out.

Boiling it all down, it means NOT serving the short-sighted whims of a retarded corporate and political establishment but the needs of a tortured populace.

STAGGER will require much assistance and volunteers, not cop-out artists. Those directly interested or any similar goal, please write to STAGGER, c/o Gothic Castle, 509 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10017.

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new printing set-up, covers get printed in advance two at a time and laid out far ahead of interior editorial matter. With issue number 16 it was quite easy controlling editorial content but harder with this edition.

Though not forecasting a time-table with 100% certainty, definitely up ahead is the HARRYHAUSEN STORY; extended coverage on the 4th STOKER DRACULA (mini-covered on p. 2 this issue); JOHN CARRADINE INTERVIEWED (next issue); an Interview with IRWIN ALLEN; plus: a number of real surprises, libidinous pics and forensic articles.

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## CoF ON THE MOVE

A life-long dream is at last being realized. After ten years of film society directing and film lectureship, we organized a 7-hour mini-film festival last year consisting of mind-blowing goodies, calling it THE CINEMA ORGY (no, it's not an orgy of filmic sex but a special "orgy" of sights and sounds—sorry for those who may be disappointed). So far it's played about 65 dates on various college campuses (student centers and colleges please take note for possible bookings). The results were so positive that some campuses repeated it 4 or 5 times, and some attendances went up all the way to 3000.

And now—we've gone on to our next phase and are setting up independent film production. Several projects are already mapped out, with filming on the first one to start a little later this year.

What kind of film? The kind CoFans like, of course. With everything running smoothly, you may be seeing full story and photo spreads in CoF No. 19. Wish us luck!

## BRIEF TAKES

The Comic Book Council returns full blast next issue, including assorted reviews of strong related interest. . . Also, reviews of the Fan Press, etc. . . We're weighing the possibility of adding more colors to CoF's interior, with other additions contemplated.

Speaking of possible changes, we'd appreciate letter writing vociferousness, i.e., rap out louder and more like it. This is profoundly embodied in the metaphysical mystique of the great Guru Mah-Hott-Ma:



"Sorry to be late, but I got hung up awhile!"

"Within the grooviness of the hippness rests the total way-outness of the in-ness, far-outing the culmination of the coolness of an existential grok."

. . . . A man with a knack for knowing how to pick 'em has just published his newest horror fiction anthology, HORROR HUNTERS, edited by Vic Ghidalia (Macfadden, 75¢). All are great tales, many never anthologized, by Bloch, Blackwood, Lovecraft, Hodgson, Leiber, Howard and others. Collections like this have gone out of print quickly. Grab it!

VITAMIN C & THEE: Ever since Nobel Prize-winner Linus Pauling proved Vitamin C all day keeps the quacks away, ignorant or depraved doctors have been energetically spreading all sorts of criminal propaganda, or that the value of Vitamin C, and other vitamins, has been grossly exaggerated.

Fact is: Vitamin C and other vitamins do work, and can save your life!!

As for us—we've taken Vitamin C (rose hips) several years and long before Pauling said anything—so far, not one serious cold, though at one time they used hit us like a ton of bricks. Same thing's happened to more than a dozen friends whom we've "inducted" over the last couple of years.

More about all this another time.

\*\*\*

## CoF CONTRIBUTIONS

We keep getting inquiries if outside contributions are considered or is CoF purely staff-run. Answer: if the photos, articles or art you send are liked by us, we'll use it!

And remember: Down with the King! Down with Robespierre! Long Live the Republic! *Liberte - Egalite - Fraternite!*

— Calvin T. Beck —



(cont. on page 54)

being held over this coming Labor Day weekend this September in Boston. For all the info, etc., write to: NOREASCON, Box 547, Cambridge, Mass. 02139.

A must for all cine-fans and comics buffs is Jim Steranko's HISTORY OF THE COMICS. This spell-binder (loaded with hundreds of pictures) not only goes in-depth into a history of comics, pulp mags, writers, editors, publishers and artists, but brings in valuable background info on how various SF-fantasy films have tied-in. It's \$6 per copy and can be ordered through: Gothic Castle, 509 5th Ave., NYC, NY 10017 (also, see an ad on this in this issue).

The collector's edition of FAMOUS FANTASY FILMS is still available for the cine-macabre connoisseur at only \$1. FORBIDDEN PLANET, HOUSE OF WAX and a conglomerate of creatures are featured. It's printed on first-grade slick paper; from:

Philip B. Moshcovitz, Box 1410, Main P.O., Boston, Mass. Last time this offer will be made until the next issue.

A number of tv and movie scripts, some that were never filmed, are available from the Moshcovitz address above, including: IT LIVED A MILLION YEARS, NIGHT OF THE GHOULS, DEVIL'S PARTNER, BATMAN, BOSTON BLACKIE, CAPTAIN NICE, DRAGNET, GHOST & MRS. MUIR, GREEN HORNET, etc.

Till next issue . . . .

— Phil Moshcovitz —

## APOLOGIA

Migawd, we goofed! You may have noticed the small cover blurbs aren't part of the contents. First time it's happened and, we hope, the last. The reason: With CoF's

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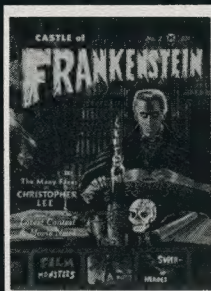
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**#2**—VAMPIRE—a 6-page horror comic story written and illustrated by Larry Ivie; THE MANY FACES OF CHRISTOPHER LEE; picture-stories on remakes—the 1927 HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, the 1962 PHANTOM OF THE OPERA and the 1962 CABINET OF CALIGARI; American-International hits; EARLY YEARS OF FRANKENSTEIN; a screen history plus analysis; Larry Ivie on super-heroes—THE DAY MEN FLEW; Charles Collins on Lillith.



**#3**—The first FORGOTTEN FRANKENSTEIN: conclusion of BORIS KARLOFF STORY; beginning of LON CHANEY JR. STORY; Larry Ivie on more super-heroes; picture-stories on WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE?, DAY OF THE TRIFIDS, THE RAVEN, CAPTAIN SINBAD and NIGHT CREATURES; Mary Shelley and the BIRTH OF FRANKENSTEIN; Charles Collins on Shirley Jackson and Ray Bradbury; Larry Ivie on super-heroes; TWILIGHT ZONE; TEEN-AGE MONSTER MAKERS.



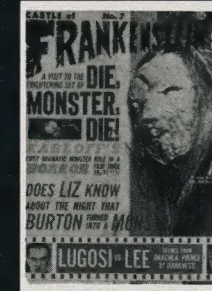
**#4** SPECIAL VAMPIRE ISSUE: picture-stories on NOSFERATU, KISS OF THE VAMPIRE, BLACK SUNDAY and BLOOD OF THE VAMPIRE; Mike Parry on historical, literary and filmic vampires; Bram Stoker's autobiography; foreign vampires in CONTINENTAL CREATURES; part 2 of LON CHANEY JR. STORY; OUR FEATHERED FIENDS—birds in horror films; LEGEND OF THE MUMMY; picture-stories on FREAKS and THE HAUNTING; Charles Collins on Lovecraft; WONDERFUL WORLD OF GEORGE PAL; Al Hirschfeld caricature of DR. NO; FRANKENSTEIN RADIOGLOBE; first FRANKENSTEIN MOVIEGUIDE.



**#5**—Noted film historian William K. "Silents Please" Everson recalls his personal encounters with Larre in the PETER LORRE STORY—with checklist of all Lorge films; picture-story review of EVIL OF FRANKENSTEIN; leading Burroughs expert Dick Lupoff describes MONSTERS OF EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS—with illustrations by Frank Frazetta, Reed Crandall, Larry Ivie and Al Williamson; OUTER LIMITS; interview with Arthur Lubin, director of 1943 PHANTOM OF THE OPERA; first CoF OLDIES BUT GOODIES; fantastic films of JEAN COCTEAU; OUT OF THIS WORLD WITH BORIS KARLOFF; ADAMS FAMI; rare photo photographed by Ivie in 1914.



**#6**—The second FORGOTTEN FRANKENSTEIN, FANTASY FEST-report on 2nd Trieste Science Fiction Film Festival; HORROR ON THE AIR—nostalgic memories and rare photos of The Shadow, Inner Sanctum and other great radio fantasies; part 3 of LON CHANEY JR. STORY; questions and answers with Hitchcock at A HITCHCOCK PARTY; amateur FRANKENSTEIN film; Charles Collins on Robert E. Howard; MONSTERS; four year's worth of CHRIS LEE films; MASQUE OF RED DEATH; UNDERDOG; part 1 of FRANKENSTEIN TV MOVIEGUIDE listing all horror on TV.



**#7**—Mike Parry pays a visit to the set of DIE, MONSTER, DIE!; interview with AIP director Daniel Haller; Joseph E. Levine's \$25,000 Monster; Robert C. Roman tells all about the MONSTERS AT THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART; reviews of TOM OF LIGEIA; conclusion of LON CHANEY JR. story; checklist of Chaney Jr.'s films; different versions of SWEET PAIRY's EUROPEAN HORROR SCREEN; TV Movieguide "B" listings; LEE & LUGOSI; THE AVENGERS; THE RICHARD BURTON MONSTER.



**#8** Behind the Scenes with FU MANCHU and Christopher Lee; David McCallum—The Man from M.O.N.S.T.E.R.; William K. Everson recalls The Last Days of Bela Lugosi; Mike Parry interviews Hammer makeup artist Ray Ashton; filming RASPUTIN On the Sets at Hammer; Lin Carter sums up 1965: The Year in Horror-Fantasy Books; TV Movieguide "C" listings; Fu Manchu for Mayor poster; BATMAN— from 1943 serial to 1966 TV; SON OF FRANKENSTEIN centerfold special; two Baron von BUNGLE strips; BATMAN back cover.



**#9**—Exclusive question-and-answer style interview with Boris Karloff; picture-review of ABC-TV's BATMAN, with the Joker in full-color; lengthy biography (and film checklist) of Laird Cregar by Robert C. Roman; complete Roman biography of contemporary villain Victor Buono; picture-reviews of JUDEK and SANTOMAS (both 1917 and 1964); cartoons; first CoF addicts column; coverage of Germany's horror film revival; Barbara Steele; JACK THE RIPPER; BERTRAND OF FRANKENSTEIN centerfold special; Mike Parry reports on The European Screen Scene; BATMAN back cover.



**#10**—Barry Brown reveals The True Facts Behind Bela Lugosi's Tragic Drug Addiction; first part of lengthy interview with Christopher Lee; the story of a real KING KONG; interview with Lon Chaney Jr.; reviews of BATMAN, THESE ARE THE DAMNED and CURSE OF THE FLY; picture-story on THE ADVENTURES OF RAT PHINK AND BOO; Frankenstein TV Movieguide "G" and "H" listings; book reviews; biography of CoF book critic Lin Carter; Will Eisner's The Spirit; fanzine reviews by Mike McInerney; full color back cover by famed fantasy illustrator Hannes Bok.



**#11**—Hundreds of facts in The Star Trek Story; Nimoy on Spock; Star Trek Forever, An Endorsement by Col Beck; Scauers Do Exist say William Shatner, Roy Thinnes and Stuart Whitman; CoF Interviews Christopher Lee (part two); CoF Returns to Hammer Studios; Donald Phelps enters THE HORROR CHAMBER OF DR. FAUSTUS and lives to tell about it; 1964 Necrology, listing deaths of fantasy film personalities; The Men Behind the Comics focuses on Marvel's mighty Jim Steranko; author-illustrator of Nick Fury; Col Beck reviews THE BRIDES OF FU MANCHU; Frankenstein Movieguide lists films beginning with "I" and "J"; a look at Comicbook Fandom; Lin Carter sums up 1966: The Year in Horror-Fantasy Books; full details on Wally Wood's Witzend; full color back cover by Hannes Bok, suitable for framing; Frankenstein Mini-Reviews.



**#12**—World of Comic Books: The, by now, famous LEE issues, namely Stan of Marvel; and Chris of Hammer, etc (in the 3rd & final part of the Interview). Frank Brunner's fab SMASH GORDON comic strip satire; the unusual CONJURER; Fantasy comic strip thriller; a memorial and eulogy by CTB in FAREWELL BASIL RATHBONE; Nimoy tells it like it is in SPOCK SPEAKS; Macnee and Rigg in THE AVENGERS; the Movieguide "K" list; CTB on Sfantafilms and PLANET OF THE APES (preview), with exclusive Evans-APE makeup shots; first appearance of CoF's official The Comic Book Council; Dan Bates and Lin Carter look at Claren's fab An Illustrated History of the Horror Film (and more Sfantafilms); full-color back cover of Fox's FANTASTIC VOYAGE; letters, great photos & illus & the usual priceless lore.



**No.13**—Special All-Star Issue: "2001: A Space Odyssey" analysis/review; Interview with RAY BRADBURY: "Planet of THE APES Returns" (exclusive secret facts, etc. revealed for the first time); BASIL RATHBONE Interview For Last Time; Jonathan FRID profile; coverage & Data on ROSEMARY'S BABY, BARBARELLA, etc.; "CAR-VAK"; comic grafix in the intimate CoF manner; "TV Or Not TV?" (that is a question?); RAQUEL WELCH.



**No.14**—KARLOFF SPECIAL: "Tribute to Karloff," "My Life As A Monster" by Karloff, FRANKENSTEIN FILM HISTORY, part One; RAY BRADBURY Interview, pt.2; CARNAK by Brunner, pt.2 (conclusion); STAR TREK Debate; THE ILLUSTRATED MAN; Books reviewed by LIN CARTER; FRANKENSTEIN fact article on forgotten cures and medicine; WIZARD OF OZ, GWANGI, etc.



**No.15**—HISTORY OF HORROR FILMS (Part 2); MAROONED reviewed; KARLOFF & HIS LEGACY; THE OBLONG BOX, with Vincent Price; reviewed; review of TASTE THE BLOOD OF DRACULA with Chris Lee; Mind Blowing Comic: LITTLE NEMO—SMASH GORDON; MEN BEHIND THE COMICS: Frank Brunner; BE-NEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES: 2 different critiques; THE WITCHES OF FRANKENSTEIN: fact article on forgotten cures and medicine; HEADTORTIAL; BOOK REVIEWS, ad infinitum.

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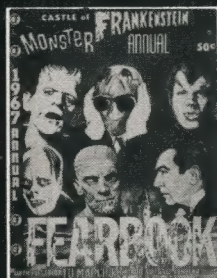




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## No. 16

Part 1: ROBERT BLOCH interview—WHEN DINOSAURS RULED, Harryhausen's latest. — DORIAN GRAY; past and present.— THE VAMPIRE LOVERS.— Part 3 & conclusion of HISTORY OF HORROR FILMS.— Rediscovered: Two "lost" classics: 1932's DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE and MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM, by Wm.K. Everson. Horror comics: Berni Wrightson's A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.— CoF MOVIEGUIDE: more than 65 recent SFantasy films.— Plus: Letters, Headitorial, etc., etc., etc.



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